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Boxiana: Or Sketches of Pugilism.

TOM CRIBB,

FIRST KNOWN IN THE PUGILISTIC HEMISPHERE BY THE APPELLATION OF

"THE BLACK DIAMOND."

BUT WHO ROSE RAPIDLY BY HIS SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS TO THE PROUD TITLE OF THE

CHAMPION of ENGLAND.

IN 1821.

Great events are generally judged of by comparison; and, however severe the conflict might have been between *Johnson* and *Big Ben*—this battle betwixt CRIBB and *Molineaux* was not only more formidable in its nature, but more ferocious and sanguinary. FIFTY-FIVE minutes of unprecedented *milling*, before the *Moor thought* he had had *enough!!*

If anything had been wanting to establish the *fame* of CRIBB, the above contest has completely decided his just pretensions to the CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND. With a coolness and confidence, almost his own, and with skill and judgment so truly rare, that he has beaten his men with more certainty than any of the professors of the gymnastic art; he was called upon to protect the honor of his country and the reputation of *English Boxing*—a parade of words, or the pomposity of high-flown diction, is not necessary to record the circumstance; however, let it not be forgotten that TOM CRIBB

HAS DONE THIS:

and let it be remembered also, that, however partial to his favorite system of *milling on the retreat*, he never resorted to its scientific effects till the necessity of the moment compelled him not to throw away the *chance*; and that, for the first ten rounds of this contest, he was the *offensive* pugilist, and, notwithstanding his game had always been well known, his *courage* in this instance astonished all the spectators, who expressed their admiration at his being ever ready at the mark, fighting his man.

It is but candid to admit, from the excellent specimen which *Molineaux* portrayed in his contest with the CHAMPION, that the *Moor* was entitled to another trial; and the PLEA on which he grounded his fresh challenge, "*had not the weather proved so unfavorable*," and trusting that "being *of a different color would not operate to his prejudice*," was a strong appeal to the liberality of Englishmen, and could not be passed over with indifference by CRIBB, who, although he had publicly declined fighting, accepted this challenge with alacrity and cheerfulness—in consequence of which, at Thiselton Gap, in the county of Rutland, a few miles from Grantham, and contiguous to three counties, on Saturday, the 28th of September, 1811, this ever-memorable battle took place, whether OLD ENGLAND should still retain her proud characteristic of conquering, or that an AMERICAN, and a *man of color* should win the honor, wear it, and carry it away from the shores of Britain. Never was the *sporting world* so much interested, and for twenty miles within the seat of action not a bed could be obtained on the preceding night; and by six o'clock the next morning, hundreds were in motion to get a good place near the stage, which even at that early period proved a difficult task. It is supposed that near 20,000 persons witnessed this tremendous *mill*; and that one-fourth of them were of the *highest mould*, including some of the principal CORINTHIANS of the State. VICTORY proving so long doubtful in the former combat, rendered the capabilities of the *Moor* an object of fear and jealousy to the friends of the Champion, who viewed him as rival of the most daring quality, and one not to be disposed of with the common routine of punishment. They neither of them weighed so much as in the last fight by a stone, and Captain *Barclay*, whose knowledge of the capability appears to be better than most men, took the Champion under his immediate eye and trained him upon a system peculia to himself, reducing CRIBB from upwards of sixteen stone, to about thirteen stone six pounds, yet kept his stamina unimpaired. From such patronage and protection the bets were three to one on the Champion, and six to four that he gave the first knock-down blow.

A few minutes after twelve o'clock they mounted the stage (25 feet,) CRIBB springing upon it with great confidence and bowing to the spetators: the applause exceeding everything of the kind. The *Moor* followed and jumped over the railing with considerable spirit, bowing, and was greeted with tokens of approbation, though not of so general a nature. Both the combatants looked well; and *Molineaux*, for a man of color, might be termed rather good-looking: but CRIBB appeared to have the longest arms. The *Moor* seemed disturbed, and walked the stage with hasty steps. On stripping, the anxiety of the multitude cannot be described: the combatants were soon brought to the mark by their seconds, *Gulley* and *Joe Ward* for CRIBB, and *Richmond* and *Bill Gibbons* for *Molineaux*.

First round.—A minute elapsed in sparring, when the Champion made play right and left, and put in a right-handed blow on the body of the Moor, who returned a feeble hit on his opponent's *nob*. A rally now commenced, in which a few blows were exchanged, and Molineaux received a hit in his throat, which sent him down, though not considered clean.

Second.—The *claret* was perceived to issue first from the mouth of Cribb, upon commencing this round. A most terrible rally took place by mutual consent, when the Champion planted with his right hand a severe body hit, which was returned on the head by Molineaux with his left flush. They both fought at half-arms-length for superiority, and about six good hits were exchanged, when they closed, and, in a trial of strength, Cribb was thrown. Five to two on the Champion.

Third.—In the last rally, the right eye of Cribb was almost *darkened;* and another now commenced equally as ferocious, after sparring to obtain wind, in which it was perceived the Moor was defective, when the Champion put in a most tremendous *doubler* in the body of Molineux, and who, notwithstanding he was *hit* away, to the astonisment of every one, renewed the rally in so determined a manner, that it created considerable agitation amongst those persons who had betted the odds. There was a marked difference in their method of fighting; Cribb hit right and left at the head and body, while the Moor aimed at the *nob* alone, and with much judgment planted several dextrous flush hits, that impaired the eye-sight of Cribb, and his mouth bled considerably. This rally continued a minute and a half, and, in closing, the Champion received a heavy fall. The superiority of the Moor's strength was evinced by his grasping the body of Cribb with one hand and supporting himself by the other resting on the stage, and in this situation threw Cribb completely over upon the stage, by the force of a cross-buttock. To those not *flash*, the mere appearance of things was in favor of the Moor; but the fortitude of the Champion *stayed* his friends, although the betting had got down to seven to four.

Fourth.—Molineaux's wind could not be depended upon; and the head of Crib was terrific; and although he was bleeding from every wound, he smiled with confidence, and rallied in the first style of manliness. A number of good blows were exchanged, Cribb *milling* away at the body, and Molineaux *punishing* the head. Cribb went down from a trifling blow, and betrayed symptoms of weakness. No variation in the betting.

Fifth.—Molineaux commenced a rally, and the *punishment* was truly dreadful on both sides; but the Moor had the best of it, and the Champion fell from a hit, and received another in the act of falling, which occasioned some difference of opinion: but the umpires decided it to be correct, as the hands of Cribb were at liberty.

Sixth.—Molineaux, from want of wind, lunged right and left, but gained nothing by it, and stopped with neatness the right hand of the Champion. Cribb now gave the Moor so severe a blow in the body with his right hand, that it not only appeared to *roll him up*, but seemed as if it had completely knocked the wind out of him, which issued so strong from his mouth, like smoke from a pipe, that he was literally gasping for breath. On renewing a rally, he behaved quite frantic, and seemed bewildered as to the manner in which he should conduct himself; afraid of his opponent's *punishment*, he dared not go in, although wishing so to do, and capered about in an extravagant manner, to the derision of Cribb and the spectators, hit short, and was quite abroad, when the Champion pursued him round the stage with great success, and concluded the round by a full-length hit, which laid the Moor prostrate. Five to one on Cribb.

Seventh.—Molineaux, quite furious, ran in on an intemperate rally, and gained a trifling advantage; but Cribb *punished* him as severe as can be described, about the neck and jugular: after the expiration of a minute, the Moor fell from weakness.

Eighth.—Molineaux, still desperate, rallied, but his blows were too short, when Cribb *nobbed* him in fine style, and *fibbed* him most dreadfully till he fell, the Champion having got his head under his arm. All betters.

Ninth.—It was so evident which way the battle would now terminate, that it was "*Lombard Street to a China Orange*" Cribb was the conqueror. The Moor, in running in, had his jaw broke, and he fell, as if dead, from a tremendous left-handed blow of the Champion. Molineaux did not come to his time by full half a minute, but Cribb wished that the spectators should fully witness his superiority in giving away this chance, dancing about the stage when he ought to have been proclaimed the conqueror: and went in again, knocking him nearly down, and then up again, and *levelled* him.

Tenth.—It was with the utmost difficulty that Molineaux could be brought from the knee of his second, and then it was only to add to the severe *milling* which he had received; but the Moor, still *game*, made a desperate though unsuccessful effort, and fell from great distress.

Eleventh.—Cribb had given another *chance* away respecting time, but the Moor was in state of stupor, his senses having been completely *milled* out of him; and upon receiving a *floorer*, he was unable to be got up. Victory was announced in a sort of a Scotch reel by *Gulley* and Cribb, elated with success, followed by tumultuous applause.

——Such a noise arose,
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks.
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before.

It appeared in the above BATTLE, that the Moor had acquired *science* equal to the Champion, and was deemed as good an *in-fighter*; remarkably quick and weighty with his left hand, and who returned on his opponent's head, whenever he received in the body: but no question now remains concerning the superiority of the combatants. Cribb having won a main, and beat the Moor in *nineteen minutes and ten seconds*, when in the former battle it continued thrice the duration; which can only be accounted for, that Cribb was too full of flesh, and not in good condition; and Molineaux had improved respecting *science*, but injured his stamina. The hardiest frame could not resist the blows of the Champion; and it is astonishing the Moor stood them so long. He was taken out of the ring senseless, and could not articulate; and it was thought upon the first examination that his jaw-bone and two of his ribs were fractured; while, on the contrary, Cribb scarcely received a body blow, but his head was terribly out of shape.

All the towns upon the North road gained considerably by this contest, particularly those of Grantham and Stamford. No interruption was offered to the *Mill*; and it is said, that the Corporations of the principal towns in the North solicited that the battle might be fought ou their own domains; as did numbers of the nobility residing that part of the country.

Among the company who witnessed the battle, were the Marquis of Queensbury, Sir Henry Smith, Lord Yarmouth, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, Major Mellish, Captain Barclay, General Grosvenor, Lord Pomfret, Sir Francis Baynton, Sir Charles Alton, Thomas Goddard, Esq. Mr. Gore, &c. &c. and all the sporting amateurs and professors in the kingdom.

So much interest was felt in London concerning the issue of this contest, that we cannot pass it over without notice—exceeding every thing in the annals of pugilism. On Saturday night an immense crowd assembled in the front of *Richmond's* house, the *Prad and Swimmer*, St. Maritn's Street, Leicester-square, to inquire the particulars, which so completely blocked up the street, that the house was shut up at an early hour; on the next morning they assembled and gained access, and although some additional rooms were opened, half the people could not be accommodated; and also *Bob's* Chop-house, the Castle, in Holborn, was so crowded on the Sunday evening; that several peace-officers were obliged to attend to preserve order.

On the Champion's return home in a barouche and four horses, decorated with blue ribbons, on the Monday following, accompanied by an Amateur of Distinction and *Joe Ward*, he was cheered through all the towns he passed, after the manner of an officer bearing despatches of a victory, so much was it felt by the people of England: and upon the approach to his house in White-Lion-Street, Seven Dials, the crowd had assembled in such numbers as to render it impassable, and who rewarded this HERO OF THE FIST with loud and animating plaudits, worthy of the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

It was reported that Cribb gained £400 bp this *set-to*, and his patron, Captain Barclay, £10,000; and that a Baker in the Borough sported all his *blunt*, personal property, together with the lease of his house, &c. amounting to £1700, upon the Champion. A curious bet was also made between two sporting characters, the winner to get *a complete suit of clothes*, shirt, &c. &c. with a walking-stick, gloves, with a *guinea* in his pocket.

Though the kind interference of Mr. *Jackson*, a collection of neat £50 was made for Molineaux, who by no means conducted himself in thst sort of way that a pugilist ought to have done, who was to fight for £600, by letting any one previously knock him about with the gloves that had any inclination to spar with him.

It should seem that Cribb was peculiarly indebted to Capt. Barclay for his excellent condition: having spent three months previously to the battle, at his country-seat in Scotland, living entirely by rules laid down by the Captain, and adhering to the strictest regimen and discipline. Cribb, it appears, would most willingly at time have relaxed from this mode of life, had not his patron pointed out the great advantages resulting from such training—shewing that the body was invigorated by the prescribed means, and that nothing gross or puffy appertained to it; which was most clearly evinced in the Champion, who was rendered light, firm, and free from complaint. Nothing is more obvious than by a comparison of the *trained* man with one who cannot feel or submit to the utility of it; the flesh of the former does not so soon turn black, or become inflamed with the effect of blows; while, on the contrary, the *untrained* would become blind from the hits, which the pugilist in good condition would not even show the marks of. But not withstanding it is said of Cribb, that he would sooner fight *Molineaux* any time, than undergo another such a *training*.

The Editor of the Edinburg Star having made some comments upon the Champion, which were thought rather irrelevant to his character, we insert the correspondence that passed between them, to render these memoirs as ample as possible:—"On Sunday last, Cribb, the celebrated pugilist, arrived at Aberdeen, on a visit to a gentleman there. He is at present in training at Ury, the seat of Captain Barclay, preparatory to the great battle to be fought with Molineaux, on the 27th of September, near Doncaster. On this match not less than £50,000 are already betted, and Cribb stakes 100 guineas of his own money on the issue. Betting, however, is at present equal.

To be continued.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes to court."

Yachting.

From Bell's Life in London.

Cowes Regatta.

MONDAY, *Aug.* 15, 1853.

The day opened with favorable weather, there being a gentle breeze from the northward and eastward, which varied during the day round to the south-west, and although there was not sufficient wind to test the relative qualities of each of the competitors, for had there been more the result might have been very different as regards the position of the yachts on their return. There were, however, five vessels for the match, which required testing. The Osprey, the Arrow, and the Aurora had undergone the process of lengthening; the Mosquito, we beieve, was in *statu quo*, and the Julia was a new cutter, built by Ratsey, on the 'combination lines,' or, in other words, English-Americanized. The Arrow and Mosquito last summer proved each a match for the other, notwithstanding that the former was more than double the tonnage of the latter. So that, in fact, an interesting race was anticipated, and, as the result will prove, the spectators were not disappointed, there being a sufficient breeze to enable the yachts to sail the entire course within daylight. Everything being in readiness, the following started for

His Royal Highness Prince Albert's Cup, open to all cutters and yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Mosquito, 50 tons, owned by Lord Londesborough, color, White, with Maltese cross.

Arrow, 102 tons, Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq., Blue flag, with arrow.

Aurora, 60 tons, Le Marchant Thomas, Esq., White and red cross.

Osprey, 59, Colonel Huey, Blue, and white, chequered.

Julia, 111, W. Peareth, Esq., Red.

The yachts were moored in a line abreast Cowes Castle, the Osprey being nearest the same, then the Arrow, Mosquito, Julia, and Aurora outside. A salute from the Vice-Commodor's yacht, the Capricorn, and the Royal Yacht Squadron Battery complimented the Commodore's broad pennant, which was that morning hoisted for "the season," and which was immediately returned from his lordship's yacht, the Xarifa. The rendezvous presented a very interesting sight, so far as the number of yachts at anchor added to its appearance, although, we confess, that in the "good old times" there was a universal "dressing of ship," which alone was sufficient to draw a company on the parade. Of late years, such has not been the case.

Five minutes before the appointed hour for the start, the preparatory gun was fired, and away went the hands aloft to man the halyards, and at 10:30 another gun gave signal to make sail and slip from their moorings. The yachts immediately canted round towards the westward. The Osprey was to leeward, being nearest the Castle, the outside vessel, the Aurora, being the weathermost. The Osprey was the first to have her canvass displayed, and made a good start. Balloon jibs and jib topsails were hoisted with alacrity. The Mosquito soon felt the power of her huge jib, and shot past the fleet, followed by the Arrow, the Aurora and Julia being last. Shortly after their departure, and being well clear of the roads, the wind betokened symptoms of a decline.—There was, nevertheless, a nice little breeze to fill their flowing canvas; jib-topsails and every available canvas was brought to its duty, but, as the sun got over the foreyard, the breeze dropped altogether for a short time. The yachts, having the ebb tide with them, drifted down the Solent until the whole cluster of them breasted Hampstead, the west end of Thurney Bay, when a light breeze from off the the land overtook them, and aided them in their progress. It first caught the Aurora; by some, however, it was thought to be the Osprey, but from the only place where the yachts were watched (Gurnard) it was impossible to discern with accuracy which yacht it was. The Aurora, as stated first, felt its effect and "walked" away from the rest, and she quickly became the leading vessel. The southerly breeze soon reached the others, and onward went the cluster, we timed them as near as possible as follows:—Aurora about 2 min. in advance of Mosquito, and but a very few seconds between her and each of the others, there being scarcely a minute between the other four. In running up it appeared that the Aurora (or Osprey) was not destined to hold her then advantage; for the Mosquito and Arrow soon overhauled her, and the yachts now coming up, with the flood tide in their favor, passed through Cowes Roads as follows:

	H.	M.	S.
Mosquito -	2	28	0
Arrow -	2	32	0
Aurora -	2	33	30
Julia -	2	37	0
Osprey -	2	42	0

They had a slight breeze from the southward, drawing to the westward. In this order they proceeded to the eastward, and between the Sand heads and the Norman, the Aurora and Julia changed places. Eventually the yachts succeeded in getting round the Nab in the followingorder:

	H.	M.	S.
Mosquito,	5	5	0
Arrow	5	7	0
Julia,	5	12	0
Aurora	5	12	0
Osprey	5	17	0

Cn their return the wind was baffling, and a remarkable feature occurred between the Warner and the Nab, the Wildfire (not in the match) was overtaken by a whirlwind, which to use the expression, "spun her round, and nearly threw her on her beam ends," carried away her topmast and gaff, and the topsail and mainsail came down by the run. At this time the Mosquito was within a hundred yards of her and was becalmed. A fine breeze from the southward and westward sprung up, and about six p. m., the yatchs were on their return through Spithead, the Arrow and Mosquito hanging well upon each other, and laid along the North shore of the Solent. At 6:25 they were both observed from Cowes Roads on their return under Brown Down, the other vatchs being under the island. Light airs from S.W., the Mosquito hugging the Arrow, which appeared to be the leading vessel, although she was a little to leeward. At 7:10 the Arrow tacked, and stood across on to the starboard tack; this manœuvre was immediately responded to by the "artful dodger," and the Mosquito tacks under the lee of the Arrow, and crosses and recrosses her bow, the Arrow trying to work out to windward of her, and both yachts did not appear to us to be 20 yards apart. The match therefore became truly exciting, and their movements were closely watched by us. About this time the others were also anxiously looked for, a report having reached us that they were in Mede Hole; but in another minute or so the lofty topsail of the Julia was observed over East Cowes Point. The scene became still more exciting, for there was a little more breeze, which it was expected the Julia would obtain, from being under the land, and, by the aid of the ebb, and "slip in" to the goal before the others. Turning our eye to them, the odds were in favor of the Julia. Again and again the breeze told on the Julia's jib topsail, but in another moment the Aurora was seen following in her wake. The Arrow and Mosquito still reaching over, it was almost difficult to say which was leading; but at length there was no mistake about it, for the Mosquito kept her fearful antagonist in her wake, and in a few more minutes the position of each yacht at her arrival was notified as follows:

	H.	M.	S.
MOSQUITO	7	27	57
ARROW	7	29	57
JULIA	7	36	38
AURORA	7	41	20
OSPREY	7	43	10

This time, according to out own "chronometer," set to Greenwich mean time by her Majesty's horologer, we vouch for being accurate.

Thus terminated a very interesting race, and, had the breeze have freshened, the result, it was generally thought, would have been in favor of the new Julia.

We may observe that, by a new rule, this year the tonnage was measured on deck, and the Mosquito having been measured accordingly, she was ascertained, by such means, to be 71 tons, and had two more hands in consequence.

In an account which our esteemed correspondent has favored us with, he observes that the Mosquito went off with the lead, and was soon nearly a mile ahead; there was, however, but very little wind, and she ran into a calm when the others came up, and they alternately passed one another till they reached the flag-boat off Yarmouth, which was rounded in the following order · Aurora, Mosquito, Arrow, Julia, and Osprey, there not being a minute between the first and last. It appeared doubtful on which hand the flag was to be passed, but, as the vessels were all close together, it was agreed to pass it on the port hand, and so have no dispute. The tide had now turned to the eastward and it was nearly a dead heat to Cowes. After a board or two the Mosquito took the lead, and passed through Cowes Road in the order and time above stated. The Mosquito then improved her lead, and the Julia passed the Arrow. Off Osborne they came nearly together again, and off the Noman the wind shifted to S.S.W., still light, and they rounded the Nab in the following order: Mosquito, Arrow, Julia, Aurora, Osprey. The Arrow was near the Mosquito, and there was above 10 minutes between the first and last. By this shift of wind they were again compelled to beat to windward, back to Cowes The tide now slacking, the Arrow and Mosquito stood over to the north shore; the others kept to the northward, probably the better course. In the course of the long reach to the north, the Arrow at one time nearly caught up the Mosquito, and the spectators at Cowes were sadly puzzled to know which was ahead. At length, however, the final tack was made; they both put about nearly together, the Mosquito placing herself on the weather bow of her opponent, and by a series of judicious operations in taking the wind out of the enemy's sails, &c., she materially improved her lead, and they finally rounded the station-vessel at Cowes as above narrated. Thus, out of three matches which have been sailed between the Arrow and Mosquito, the Arrow has won once by 1 sec., and has lost twice by 3 min. 29 sec. and 2 min. 40 sec., shewing that the vessels are very closely matched. It must, however, be recollected that by any way of measurement the Arrow is nearly twice as large as the Mosquito. It is the general opinion that in strong winds the new Julia can beat either of them, but we fear that the experiment will not be tried this year, as Lord Londerborough, being steward of the York Races, will not be able to be on board his vessel in the match on Friday next, and the committee are unsterdood to have decided that there is not sufficient excuse for his absence, as, by a new rule the owner must be on board his vessel unless he can give a sufficient excuse for absenting himself. The Mosquito was sailed by John Nicholls, of Southampton, and the Arrow by C. Dyke, of Itchen Ferty, near Southampton.

REGATTA IN MATAGORDA BAY.

LAVACA, *Aug.* 11, 1853.

On Monday last our beautiful bay was enlivened by the appearance at our wharves of almost innumerable sailing craft of small dimensions. One would have thought himself suddenly transported from our quiet placid Lavaca Bay to the 'Pass' or "Ocean Springs," such was the immense fleet of the 'small fry' and the crowd of strangers collected here to witness the regatta. This being the first regatta of Western Texas, the craft required a little coaxing to get them to come in in sufficient numbers to make it interesting. This being the case, the prizes were put down at four, all in money: First prize $30, second prize $25, third prize $10; fourth prize $5. Entrance $3. All boats entered in a class; the first boat to take the first prize, and so on. The distance run was fourteen miles, in a triangle. At 11 o'clock the boatmen assembled and heard the rules read by the judges.

The boats entered were: The Louisa, Capt. Pennington; the Blodgett, Capt. Kilbride; the Mariposa, B. A. Whitney; the Sarah, Capt. Cleveland; the John Duncan, Capt. Cole; and the Desdemona, by several young men of the town.

When everything was got in readiness, and the boats drawn into line abreast of Forbes's wharf, mamsail up, jib down and eighteen feet of cable out.

The second tap of the bell was the signal for starting. This done, the boats all got under way, the Sarah leading at first, but the Louisa, Blodgett and Mariposa soon brought her astern. The contest for the first two prizes was now evidently between these three boats. On the first tack the Mariposa appeared to have the advantage, but on going about the second time, the Louisa and Blodgett were to windward, and rounded the first stake far ahead—the Louisa first, and the Blodgett close behind her. When the Mariposa got to the first stake, the Blodgett and Louisa were almost abreast of each other, and both a mile and half ahead of the Mariposa. Every one on shore thought it was all up with her. Not so, however, with her captain, what she could do. Going down on the back stretch with a free sheet, she drew fast upon the Blodgett and Louisa, and passed the Blodgett between the last stake and winning post, all the while gaining upon the Louisa, but did not come up to her. When she came home she was greeted by three hearty cheers from the immense crowd on the wharf, accompanied by the waving of handkerchiefs and approving smiles of the ladies collected on the verandahs on Commerce street.

The sympathies of the spectators were largely in favor of the Mariposa, she being the only boat in the race owned at Lavaca, the others coming from Matagorda or Indianola; consequently the great outburst when she got in ahead of the Blodgett, and so close behind the Louisa, both of these boats, and even the Sarah being the favorites against her, with the betting portion of the people present. The following is a summary:

	H.	M.	S.
Louisa, 28 1-2 ft long,	2	0	00
Mariposa, 25 ft long,	2	1	54
Blodgett, 35 ft. long,	2	4	17

I do not know the exact time of the Sarah—she was far behind.—The Duncan and Desdemona did not round the stakes. The wind was blowing a good whole-sail breeze and suited the occasion admirably. Our Indianola neighbors speak of getting up a regatta there next week. If they succeed, the Mariposa is in.

The friends of the Blodgett being dissatisfied with the result of Monday's race, have bantered any boat in the bay for a match race of one hundred dollars a side. The Mariposa here spoken of is the old favorite of your "over the lake" sportsmen, formerly the property of Henry T. Sherman, Esq., of New Orleans. The Sarah was also another New Orleans boat, formerly owned by Dr. Canon. The Louisa was built in this bay. The Blodgett is from New York, and decidedly the prettiest craft in the bay. Until another race, adieu.

N. O. Picayune.

Sweepstake Sailing Match.

OCEAN SPRINGS, *Aug.* 20. 1853.

The only entries for the stakes were the Edith and Venture, the latter boat being the favorite in the betting circles up to the time of starting. The breeze, if it might be so called, was from the south, when the signal gun was fired to get under way, The Edith took the lead and turned the first stake boat one minutes ahead of the Venture. At the second stake the Venture had gained upon her 43 seconds, and before reaching the flag boat in front of the wharf, the first round, she passed the Edith and turned it a minute and several seconds in the lead. After a short tack up the back bay, perceiving a squall coming from that direction, the Venture tacked and made for the stake boat under the Island opening rapidly the gap between herself and the Edith. Owing to very bad management by some one on board, she carried her light sails until the squall struck her, when it was found almost impossible to take her gaff topsail on board. For nearly half a minute she was shaking in the wind, with her topsail flapping from the end of her peek, whilst the beautifully managed Edith glided past her and turned the stake half a minute ahead of her.

The Edith gained another half minute to the next stake boat, when just as the Venture had turned it, one of the most severe squalls I have ever witnessed came out from the north, carrying with it clouds of sand nearly a mile out into the bay. The Edith dropped anchor and took in a treble reef. The Venture laid to, and after taking in a reef, stood for the home stake; but in a few seconds a flaw of wind, (as they said board "a whirl-wind took her,") and over she went in about seven feet water. This, of course settled the race. The Edith, after visiting her disabled adversary, and finding all on board safe, laid at anchor until the severity of the squall had abated, when she made for the home stake, turning it in a beautiful manner.

The Venture, after being righted with the assistance of a large schooner sent to her aid, came in shortly after, looking nearly as good as new.

Continued on Fourth Page.

Sporting Intelligence.

EXCITING YACHT RACE

ON THE DELAWARE, AT PHILADELPHIA.

TRIUMPH OF THE YACHT BIANCA.

NEW YORK STILL AHEAD.

PURSE $500.

The great Regatta which has been the talk in the sporting circles of Philadelphia for some time past, took place on the river Delaware, on Monday last, according to previous announcement. The race was for a purse of $500, the boats to start from Kensington, proceed down the Delaware to a buoy off Marcus Hook, round the buoy and return to the place of starting, in all a distance of 40 miles. The following yachts were entered, viz: BIANCA, of New York; John S. Keyser; George L. Broome; D. L. Wilcox; Flying Cloud. George Vansciver sailed the Bianca. Each yacht had a picked crew of ten men.

At an early hour, the river and wharves along the city front presented an unusually lively appearance, sail boats of every description skimming along on the waters of the Delaware; and the piers and vessels at the wharves were filled with spectators anxious to obtain a view of the contesting yachts, and of the start.

All the necessary arrangements having been completed, the yachts were placed in order for the start, while several steamboats, accompanied by bands of music, and crowded with passengers, lazily crept along, seeming eager for the starting of the yachts. At this time, the scene was beautiful and exciting, and awakened a love for boating in the breasts of many who before had scarce known the meaning of the word Yacht.

At about 15 minutes past 10 o'clock, the signal was given, and away went the whole fleet, the John S. Keyser taking a slight lead. The wind was light at the start, and there was no prospect of a good breeze to make the race as interesting as it would have been with a good wind. The wind almost entirely died away in a few hours, and the *sailing match* ended as a *drifting match*. The first boat did not make its appearance until 8 o'clock the following morning, when the BIANCA, *of New York*, went in winner for the purse of $500. The John S. Keyser was second, coming in half a mile behind the Bianca. The other boats gave up the race during the night, knowing there was not the shadow of a chance.

Another match will doubtless be made between the same boats, of which due notice will be given.

This is the second race the Bianca has won on the Deleware river, and with a good breeze will be able to give a good account of herself at the next Regatta at Philadelphia.

EXCITING DOG FIGHT—"CRIBB," OF BROOKLYN, AND "TYRO," OF NEW-YORK—STAKES, $100.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 8, 1853.

Last evening a long talked of "match" came off between Mr. ——— dog "Cribb," of Brooklyn, and Mr. ——— novice "Tyro," of this village. This duel of "ivories," has been on the tapis for more than a month, and both of the *Canines* have had the best "breathings" that could be given them, Bill ——— having trained "Cribb," and ——— "Tyro," each vieing with the other to get his dog in the best condition possible.—They came to scale at Sportsman's Hall on the afternoon of fighting. Both weighed one stone 8 1-2 lbs., although it was confidently asserted by the Brooklynites, that "Tyro" would be minus his full weight by *two stones*, before the battle was finished. They got together by 9 o'clock and 10 minutes, and the struggle for the championship lasted one hour and a half.

THE FIGHT.—Tyro got the first hold, and threw Cribb, a "cross-butt," but Cribb soon loosed him by grabbing his throttle, and putting a pressure thereon of 25 lbs. to the square inch. There was very quick fighting by both dogs, and offers of 10 to 8 on Tyro—no takers. Once or twice Cribb ran under his opponent's belly and grabbed him, when the betting ran about even. He was cheered heartily when he tried to come that grab game.—At 3 P. M. Tyro *turned*, the dogs were taken to their *corners*, sponged out, and Tyro is to "scratch." "Time" being called, Tyro comes to scratch, like a race-horse, 10 to 7 on him, no takers. In this round, Cribb, in trying to make a catch, missed his dog and bit his *handler*, Mr. ——— under the eye, pretty severely, so that the owner came into the pit and handled him himself. After this incident Tyro had it all his own way, and in one hour and 30 minutes from commencing, Cribb, unlike the "Black Diamond," kicked the bucket, and Tyro won the stakes of $100, and the championship.

ANOTHER MATCH—BOSTON VS. JERSEY—STAKES, $100.

One of the greatest matches ever made, is to come off at Sportsman's Hall, New-York, on the 20th Sept., between the Boston dog "Tige," and a dog from Jersey, to fight for four hundred dollars, 25 1-2 half lbs weight. "Tige" has killed of his antagonists at different times, two, which Mr. —— pitted against him. He fought over three hours each time, and appeared as fresh after each as when he first began.—So look out for something extra. His opponent was imported by a sporting gent.

G.

Sparring Exhibition.

BENEFIT OF MIKE MENDOZA.

A sparring exhibition came off at Grand Street Hall, on Monday evening last, which was numerously attended by fancy, the room being filled to its utmost extent. The accommodations for spectators are miserable, seats being moveable benches, all being on a level, so that it is hardly possible to witness the sport with any degree of comfort. We should think the damage done by the breaking of benches, &c. would amply compensate the landlord for any expense he might incur in fitting up his room in better order.

Several good set-to's took place between amateurs; and Mendoza, Lazarus, Clare, and others of the pugilistic fraternity made the evening pass off very pleasantly.

The most interesting set-to's of the evening, however, was between two boys, sons of Mr. Izzy Lazarus, of the Falstaff House, No. 4 James street. They showed some good points in their sparring, and received tremendous applause from a large audience. Mr. Lazarus has devoted much time to the training of his sons, and the manner in which they deliver, stop and counter, give good promise that his tuition has not been labor lost.

It was expected that a match would have been made on the above evening between Mendoza and Awful Gardner, but we believe the latter was not present.

Mendoza, we understand, is a grandson of the celebrated Dan Mendoza, at one time Champion of England. In his sparring last evening we did not discover any very great scientific abilities displayed, though it may be that he did not wish to "let out." We have no doubt his benefit yielded him quite a "pile."

Everything passed off quietly, and the exhibition closed about 10 o'clock.

Morrissey and Sullivan.

THE TRAINING.

These worthies have received numerous visits from their friends, during the past week, and the excitement is on the increase as the day approaches for the contest. In our next number we shall endeavor to give an account of the mode of training adopted by the men, and much other interesting information in relation to the forth coming match.

BETS.

At present bets are made even, no odds being offered by the friends of either party.

Second Deposit.

We stated last week that the second deposit in the Sullivan and Morrissey match was to be made in a Broadway Saloon. This was a mistake. The second deposit will be made this evening at the house of Mr. George Kensett, in Walker-street.

The third deposit will be made at the house of Izzy Lazarus, No. 4 James-st., a few doors from Chatham. The time will be announced in our next.

Pedestrianism.

WALKING MATCH, AGAINST TIME—THE GERMAN STAG.

The German Stag, having failed in making a match with J. Vandyne, in consequence of the latter not being at the place stated, has made a match to walk against time, several gentlemen having put up a stake of $500 against $500 put up by the friends of the Stag that he cannot walk seven miles in one hour. The match is to take place on Monday October 3d, at the Atlantic Garden, Broadway, near the Battery.

The German Stag has commenced training for his task, and has taken up his quarters at the same place where Sullivan is going through his exercises, on the new plank road, Long Island.

Trotting Matches on Centreville and Union Courses.

On Monday afternoon two trotting matches came off on the Union and Centreville Courses, Long Island, each of which was attended by a large number of persons. At the Union Course the following blooded horses were entered for a purse and stake of $125, mile heats, best three in five, in harness:

Mr. NELSON named g. g. Dennis McCabe. Mr. WOODRUFF named b. m. Lady Collins. J. WHELPLY named b. m. Lady Relief. The first two heats were won by Lady Relief.

Time—First heat, 2 min. 46 sec.
Time—Second heat, 2 min. 43 sec.
Dennis McCabe was withdrawn.

On the third heat, Mr. WOODRUFF brushed up Lady Collins, and she came out the winner of the third heat. This heat created some excitement among the spectators, and numerous bets were made. The first quarter-pole was reached by Lady Collins in 38 seconds, and the half-mile in 1 minute and 15½ seconds. The latter horse came up to the judges' stand several lengths ahead, and the time announced was 2 minutes 39 seconds.

The fourth heat was won by Lady Collins in 2:40.

At this time it was near 7 o'clock, and as the trot stood two and two, another heat was necessary to decide the race.

Half an hour elapsed before the fifth and last heat; when the audience became excited, and the majority pitched upon WOODRUFF'S steed as the favorite. As the contesting horses passed the stand, they were side and side, until reaching the first quarter, (time here 41 seconds,) when Lady Relief broke, and Lady Collins glided along, at a 2:30 speed, and continued to lead her competitor a long distance. On the home stretch it became tight and tight between the nags. Lady Collins was declared winner of the heat and race—time 2:47—and the crowd dispersed.

THE CENTREVILLE COURSE.—On this course, there was a trotting match, on Monday, for $100, between two fine Jersey horses, mile heats, in harness. HOLMES HENDRICKSON, Esq., named b. s. Montmorency, and Mr. LEONARD named ch. g. Gipsey King, both of which were raised and belong in Shrewsbury, Monmouth County, N. J. The horses went three heats. The following was the time made by the black stallion;

First heat, 3 minutes; second heat, 2 minutes 59 seconds; third heat, 2 minutes 56 seconds.

The trot was decided in favor of the stallion; and the Jersey Blues returned to the City highly delighted with the day's sport.

TROTTING AT SCARBORO, ME.

The second trial for superiority between Lady Ann and Blue Morgan came off on Tuesday, Aug. 30, at Ling's Course.

S. Ling's s. m. Lady Ann.	1 1 2 1
E. Goodwin's Blue Morgan.	2 2 1 2

Time—2:47—2:48—2:49.

TROTTING AT BANGOR, ME.

Saturday, Sept. 3.—A trot came off over the Bangor Trotting Park, between Tom Hyer and Bones. Bones won the first heat in 2:53. A compromise was then made and Bones was withdrawn. The judges then declared that Tom Hyer had won the race and side bets also. Rather a queer decision, we think.

SARATOGA TROTTING COURSE.

Tuesday, Aug. 30.—A match of considerable local interest came off between Mr. Springstead's 'Tom' and Mr. Speecer's 'Frank Pierce,' trotted in mile heats to sulkey, for a stake of $500 and added purse. Tom took the pole and won in three straight heats.

Mr. Springstead named Tom.	1 1 1
Mr. Speecer named Frank Pierce.	2 2 2

Time—2:41—2:43—2:50.

CRICKET.

NEW-YORK VS. ST. GEORGE'S CLUB—TWO DAYS' EXCITING SPORT—ST. GEORGE'S CLUB THE VICTOR.

The return match between New-York and Saint George's Cricket Clubs was commenced on the ground of the New York Club, Hoboken, on Wednesday and terminated on Thursday. The result was a victory for the Saint George's Club, whose score shows thirty-five more runs than that of the New-York Club. The first game was played some time since and won by the New-York Club.

The following are the names of the elevens:

New York Club.	*St. George's Club.*
Messrs. Barclay,	Messrs. Comery,
Wilson,	S. Wright,
Rauney,	Bingham,
Marsh,	R. Waller
Harvey,	Bage,
Cuyp,	Dixon,
Sams.	Blackburn,
Sharp,	Burnett,
Fletcher,	Meiklebaum,
Rickerby,	Tinson,
Dockery.	Hindhaugh.

The weather on both days was fine. The New-York Club won the toss, but put their adversaries in a very bad move.

In their first innings, the St. George's played fine steady batting, while the bowling of the New-York Club fell off to some extent, and the fielding was very bad, as will be seen by the score, which reports thirty-five byes and wides. We may particularly commend the batting of Bingham, who made the best hit of the day, giving him four runs. He also made one three, four twos, and eleven singles. Sam Wright and Waller also gave us some fine batting. Tinson went in last; he made one four, one three, and three twos, but was very prettily caught by Fletcher, which closed the St. George's first innings—one hundred and sixty-nine runs.

It was now nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, (Wednesday,) and the New-York Club went in for their first innings, commenced by Sharp and Rickerby to the Bowling of Comery and Sam Wright.—Sharp got the first ball and a double. Rickerby went out with first ball. One wicket 3 runs. Wright followed, but was soon brought down by Sam's. Two wickets 9 runs. Sharp continued to play well, and Marsh was sent in to face him, but, after getting a good hit for three, was bowled down by Wright. Three wickets thirty-five runs. Dockery was the next man. He played well, slashed right into them and got fours and threes pretty smart. Sharp, after getting twenty-three runs, was out—leg before wicket. We were sorry to see this, as he seemed well in. He got 2 fours, 2 threes, and 3 twos beautifully. Four wickets 68 runs. Harvey soon got caught by Hindhaugh. Five wickets 69 runs.

Fletcher replaced him and Dockery got bowled out by Waller. This was a valuable wicket for the St. George's to get as he got five 4s, one 3 and two singles. He would have been out before but for some bad fielding on Blackburn's part and a good catch that Bage missed. Six wickets 71 runs. The game looked better now. Wilson went in, and Fletcher, who batted well, commencing with two doubles, three 3s and a 4, went down with a ball from Comery. This man is a good player—he fills two parts well—both batter and long stop. Seven wickets 106 runs. Wilson, Cuyp and Barclay, soon followed after getting 6 between them. The last player was bowled out by Waller, President of one club bowling down the other.

Total made was 113, being 56 short of the St. George's first innings.

The second innings of the St. George's Club was over very quick, and shows the glorious uncertainty of cricket. The same eleven men who got 169 in the first innings, went out for 27 in the second.—Waller commenced well with a 2 and a 3 hit beautifully made, but Cuyp stopped his career by bowling him down. Blackburn, Bingham and Bage, soon followed; 5 wickets went for 17 runs. Sams, Wright and Bingham were together at one time, and we thought we should have some sport; but Dame Fortune stepped in, and March bowled Wright out in five runs. The rest followed pretty smart; the bowling was too much for them.

The total runs in the two innings were 196, setting the New-York Club 84 to win.

NEW-YORK CLUB.—Second innings of the New-York Club, commenced by Sharp and Harvey to the bowling of Comery and Sam Wright. Sharp took the first ball from Comery and the second was caught by Tinson beautifully. First wicket without a run, and short work was made of this inning.

Waller soon caught Marsh out. Fletcher, after making a capital hit for 4 off Comery, was bowled down by Waller.—Dockery went in and out immediately after getting a double, being caught by Dixon. Sams went in when there was nearly 50 wanted to win and 4 wickets down, but Bingham caught him beautifully—decidedly the best catch of the day. Rickerby gave a good catch to Meikleham which he managed to miss. Barclay was bowled out the first ball, and Cuyp was caught by Comery.

The total of the two innings was 161. The St. George's Club winning by 35 runs.

The following is the grand result:

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.		NEW-YORK CLUB.	
First Innings.		*First Innings.*	
R. Woller b Sharp,	38	Sharp, leg before wicket, b Wright	23
Blackburn c Rauney b Marsh	1	Rickerby b Comery	0
Bage c Wilson b Marsh,	0	Sams b Wright	0
Wright b Sams	24	Marsh c Walker b Wright	3
Comery b Cuyp	1	Dockery b Walker	26
Hindhaugh b sams,	4	Harvey c Hindhaugh b Wright	0
Burnett b Cuyp	10	Fletcher b Comery	22
Bingham not out	26	Wilson b Comery	7
Meiklebaum c Wilson b Cuyp	6	Ranney not out	2
Dixon b Sams	7	Cuyp b Walker	0
Tinson c Fletcher b Marsh	17	Delancey b Waller	3
Byes	18	Byes	13
Leg byes	4	Wide	14
No Ball	1		
Total	169	Total	113
Second Innings.		*Second Innings.*	
Waller b Cuyp	5	Harvey b Comery	16
Blackburn b Marsh	0	Sharp c Sinson b Comery	0
Bingham b Cuyp	4	Mrrsh c Waller b Comery	6
Wright b Marsh	5	Fletcher b Waller	6
Tinson b Cuyp	0	Dockery c Dixon b Comery	2
Bage, leg befo.e wicket, b Cuyp	0	Sams c Bingham b Waller	1
Burnett c Sams b Cuyp	6	Wilson, run out	0
Dixon b Cuyp	1	Ranney c Comery b Waller	6
Meikleham b Cuyp	0	Rickerby run out	6
Comery not out	3	Delancey b Comery	0
Hidhaugh c Sharp b Cuyp	0	Cuyp, not out	0
Byes	5	Byes	7
Leg byes	1	Wide	4
Total	27	Total	48
Total number of runs, St. George's Club			196
" " " New-York Club			161
" " " In favor of St. George's			35

Yacht Challenge Accepted.

A challenge was lately given by Mr. R. B. Forbes, of Boston, to one of the vessels belonging to the New-York Yacht Squadron. The challenge has been accepted, as will be seen by the following letter:

ACCEPTANCE OF THE YACHT CHALLENGE.

SCHOONER "HAZE," N. Y. Y. C.,
New-York, Sept. 7, 1853.

Dear Sir: I notice in your paper of the 3d inst. a communication from Commodore R. B. FORBES, of Boston, in relation to the cruise of the schooner "Olata" to Newport. In reply to the challenge therein contained, I would beg to say that I will be prepared to sail with the "Olata" on any named day between the 25th of Sept. and the 15th of October next (said day to be named prior to the 18th), for a piece of plate to cost $500 (the losing boat to furnish the same); the race to be on neutral ground, as suggested by Com. F.: say, from Light Ship off Brenton's Reef (near Newport), around Block Island and back—or from the Light Ship off Sandy Hook, around Block Island, and back to starting point, outside—or from Sandypoint via the Sound, around Long Island to Sandy Hook Light: either of these I will be prepared to sail. Each vessel to carry only three sails—jib, foresail, and mainsail. I am also willing it should be considered no race until an average rate of six knots per hour be attained by the winning boat over the whole cruise.

I have written the substance of this to Commodore Forbes direct; but have thought it right that the acceptance of the challenge should appear through the same excellent channel as the challenge itself.

Awaiting Com. F.'s reply, which I trust, for the sake of sport, will be in the affirmative.

I remain, Your obedient servant,
W. B. DUNCAN.

The time fixed for the above race is on or about the 10th of October, at Newport; to sail only in a reefing breeze—distance ten miles out to sea and back.

EXCITING ROWING MATCH BETWEEN WM. COOGAN AND JAMES REYNOLDS.

A rowing match between the celebrated oarsmen Wm. Cooper and James Reynolds, took place on Saturday last, for a purse of $25. The race was from Jersey City, around Bedlow's Island, and back to the place of starting.

At the word being given, both boats got off well together, but Coogan soon pulled ahead, leading his competitor a few feet. When the boats had proceeded in this manner about 200 yards, Reynolds met with an accident by coming in contact with a schooner anchored in the stream, by which he lost about two minutes' time, and on passing the stake boat Coogan was a quarter of a mile ahead. Reynolds seemed determined to make up his lost time, and strained every nerve. At each stroke of the oar he seemed to gain on his adversary, and soon shot ahead, maintaining his ground to the end, and went past the stake boat two minutes ahead of Coogan, amidst the cheers of the assemblage.

The boats were working boats; and the distrnce sailed 6 miles. Time, 33 minutes.

Reynolds rowed the Lockwood, and Coogan rowed the Mischief. Both boats belong to Charles Thomas, Esquire, of Battery Place.

ANOTHER ROWING MATCH.

Challange given and accepted.—We understand that Coogan has challenged Reynolds to row the same distance for $25 a side, and that Reynolds has accepted the challenge. The race will come off in two weeks.

☞ "Ah! my good fellow," said one man to another, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, "you're one of the men we read of!"

"How so?" inquired the other. Where did you read of me?

"In the police report."

"The man we read of" drew his fist, but the other was at a safe distance.

Our Irish Letter crowded our this week.

THE TARGET.

FALL AND WINTER EXCURSIONS OF 1853—HOLBERTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

This company, under the command of Capt. J. SMITH, went on their annual target excursion on Thursday, 8th inst. The company turned out forty-six muskets, and after parading through our principal streets, proceeded to the grounds of Mr. David Pollock, at Hoboken, for target exercise. The following are the names of the successful shots, and the prizes awarded them:

1st Prize—Silver Cup, Wm. Simonson.
2d Prize—Silver Cup, J. Smith.
3d Prize—Diamond Ring, John Smith.
4th Prize—Silver Mounted Musket, Wm. Johnson.
5th Prize—Five Dollar Gold Piece, Mat. Conklin.
6th Prize—Hat, Alfred Cooper.
7th Prize—Pair Boots, Alex. Preaer.
8th Prize—Pair Boots, Hiram Crothers.

UNITED GUARD.

The United Guard, under command of Capt. BRENNAN, paraded for target practice, on Tuesday, 6th inst. The day was spent at St. Ronan's Well, and the following prizes were presented to the gentlemen whose names are annexed:

1st Prize—Gold Chain, Thos. Darly.
2d Prize—Silver Port Monnaie, A Woods.
3d Prize—Gold Pencil, John Moran.
4th Prize—Gold Pencil, Hugh Breeton.
5th Prize—Ten Dollar Gold Piece, Capt. M. Brennan.
6th Prize—Ten Dollar Gold Piece, B. Carolan.
7th Prize—Gold Pen and Pencil, P. Delahant.
8th Prize—Silver Cup, Wm. Morris,
9th Prize—Lady's Breastpin, 3d Lieut. J. McMenomy.
10th Prize—Gent's Breastpin, P. Donnelly.
11th Prize—Lady's Breastpin, James Owen,
12th Prize—Gold Locket, Francis Mitchell.
13th Prize—Silver Cake Knife, Edw. Phelan.
14th Prize—Gold Ring, 2d Lieut. Chas. Dunagan.
15th Prize—Segar Case, Patrick Hughes.

CUMMINGS GUARD.

As noticed in our last this Company went to Flushing on Thursday, 8th inst., on their annual shooting excursion. The following is a list of the best shots and the prizes awarded them.

1st Prize—Set of China, R. Farrell.
2d Prize—Silver Castor, E. Reilly.
3d Prize—Set of Silver Spoons, W. Russell.
4th Prize—Silver Bread Basket, J. Pollock.
5th Prize—Gold Ring, R. Haram.
6th Prize—Beaver Hat, M. Donnahoe.
7th Prize—Wreath of Flowers, E. Murphy.
8th Prize—Beaver Hat, Capt. Cogan.
9th Prize—Beaver Hat, J. Tate.

The Company turned out 42 muskets.

EAGLE GUARDS.

This Company composed of the members and friends of Eagle Engine Co., No. 13, will make its annual parade on Monday, Sept. 19th. The following are the officers of the Eagle: Captain, John Healey; First Lieutenant, Michael Ahern; Second Lieutenant, Wm. C. Chadwick; Third Lieutenant, Michael Fagan; Fourth Lieutenant, C. Downing. The Eagle Guard will be accompanied by Adkin's Brass Band, and will spend the day in target practice at Staten Island. The dress of the members will be as follows: Red shirts, black pants, glazed caps and black belts.

We acknowledge the receipt of a kind invitation to accompany the Eagles. We wish them a "good time."

Brougham Light Guards.

From 1844, to 1849, many ineffectual attempts to establish a permanent company of volunteer sharpshooters, were made by the young men living in the vicinity of Catharine street, but in the month of August, 1850, five young mechanics, Messrs. Porter, Riker, Reeves, Poole, and Lyon, took in hand the formation of such a company, and in less than a week gained thirty six signatures to the roll, and the company was named in honor of Mr. John Brougham, the popular Comedian. In Sept. 1850, they made their first parade, fifty strong, and presented a very creditable appearance, on which they were complimented by Mr. Brougham from the stage of the Lyceum. (now Wallack's.) Since that time they have been gaining strength, and on Monday, Oct. 3d, they will proceed on their third annual excursion for target practice. The dress is as follows; black military coat, black pants, and black military French hats, white cross and body belts (thus differing from that of last year, which was red silk shirts trimmed with blue satin, and blue caps with white fronts).

A splendid pair of silk guide colours have been presented by Lieut. Gillen. They drill every Tuesday at Warren Hall corner of Henry and Oliver streets, and no doubt will turn out in such a manner as will reflect credit on our volunteer soldiery. Long may they wave!

JACKSON GUARD.

This fine company, under the command of Captain John Murray, intend giving their seventh annual target excursion on Wednesday next, 21st inst. The company will muster about 60 muskets, and will proceed to Bull's Ferry for target practice, where a number of beautiful prizes will be awarded the successful shots.

If possible, we shall avail ourselves of a polite invitation to take part in the pleasures of the day.

INDEX GUARD.

The Index Guard, under command of Capt. Charles Reed, made their annual target excursion on Monday last, o Flushing, where they spent the day very pleasantly. They mustered 40 musquets and 14 pioneers, and, with invited guests, numbered about 100 men. The Index Guards are composed of the members of Engine Company No. 32, and their appearance under arms, in rank and file, was highly creditable.—Fourteen prizes were awarded to the best shots of the corps.

SWISS RIFLES.

The Swiss Rifles, Capt. Roberts, went on Monday to Port Richmond for target practice. They were accompanied by an excellent band of music, and made a fine appearance. Fifteen prizes were distributed among the best shots in the company.

JEFFERSON GUARD.

Company E. Jefferson Guards, Capt. J. J. Rose, numbering 45 muskets, went to East New York for target practice on Tuesday. They were accompanied by Dodworth's Band, and made an excellent appearance.

PHŒNIX GUARD, OR OLD STOCKS OF THE TENTH WARD.

This fine company of Citizen Volunteers (independent,) organized, August 10th, 1849, intend making their fifth annual parade on Monday, Sept. 19th, 1853, under command of the following officers. Capt. R. H. Welch; First Lieut., Fred. Togg; Second Lieut., Fred. Eberhard; Third Lieut., Ralph Reynolds. This company was originally organized in honor of Phœnix Hose Company, No. 22, whose name they bear. Their uniform is as follows, viz: black pants, with drab stripe; black frock coat; patent leather body belt, with brass plate, with the name of the company engraved thereon; cap, on the style lately adopted as the regulation cap of the U. S. A. The "Old Stocks" increase in numbers each year, and their excursions alway give satisfaction to those concerned. They calculate on parading 40 muskets, and will spend the day at Flushing, in contesting for a number of prizes presented to the company. The meetings are held at the Crystal, in Grand street every Friday evening. We expect to see a beautiful turn out of the Phœnix Guard.

WARREN LIGHT GUARD.

The Warren Light Guard, Capt. Cox, made their third annual excursion to Bull's Ferry on Monday last, accompanied by Adkins' Band. They mustered over 30 muskets, marched well, and showed evidence of good drilling. The prizes were won as follows: Gold locket to James G. Cooper; cake basket to J. S. Clayton; tea set to Wm. Gray; castor to G. Dupont; accordeon to R. Johnston; breastpin to C. D. Chapmann; model of yacht America to Jas. H. Frost.

HERRING'S SALAMANDER GUARD.

Herrings' Salamander Guards, a large and fine looking Company, went to Strykers' Bay on Monday, where some twenty prizes were contended for. The target on their return exhibited evidence of skilful marksmanship.

SAMUEL MARTIN GUARD.

This Company, under command of Capt. George Jones, paraded for target practice, on Monday last, accompanied by an excellent band. They marched well, and presented a fine appearance.

BRUNERS AND MOORE GUARD.

This Company, mustering 70 muskets, went on their annual target excursion on Monday, to Hoboken. Nineteen valuable prizes were awarded to the sharp shooters.

MANNING GUARD.

This small, but neat looking Company, passed our office on Tuesday, on their return to the city, from the ground of D. Pollock, Hoboken, where they had been spending the day in target shooting. Several fine prizes were awarded the successful shots, and the Company passed a pleasant and agreable day.

MECHANIC LIGHT GUARD.

This Company, under command of Capt. Donnelly, passed our office on Wednesday last, on their annual target excursion. There were in the ranks 29 muskets, 6 officers, and 6 invited guess. Altogether the Mechanics presented a beautiful appearance, their dress being at once neat and showy. Dodworth's Band accompanied them.

PERRY GUARD.

The Perry Guards, Capt. J. J. Gourman composed of the members of Hose Co. No. 23, proceeded on their annual target excursion on Tuesday, to Nyack, where they passed the day very pleasantly. The prizes were won by Wm. Colter, W. Stagg, Wm. Girden, George Parker, and J. N. H. Secor. They presented a fine appearance.

WALKER GUARD.

The Walker Guards, Capt. King, numbering 40 muskets, went on Tuesday, to Bull's Ferry on their second annual target excursion. Eleven prizes were distributed among the best shots in the Company.

ATLANTIC BLUES.

The Atlantic Blues, Capt. Moran, numbering 32 muskets, went to Flushing on Tuesday, for target practice. Ten prizes were contended for, and the target presented evidence of good marksmanship. A gold breast pin was presented by the Company to Capt. Moran.

ESMERALD GUARD.

The Esmerald Guards, Capt. Thos. Cullen, went on Tuesday to Durham's, Morrisiana, and shot for the following prizes: First prize, silver cup, Capt. Cullen; second prize, breast-pin, Ensign J. McQuade; third prize, gold pencil, 4th Lieut. J. Cox; fifth prize, $10 gold piece, private Kilorin; sixth prize, $5 gold piece, John Brown; seventh prize, $5 gold piece, M. Hart.

EXCURSIONS TO COME OFF.

Mitchell Guard, Sept. 20.
Brougham Light Guard, Oct. 3.
Peterson Light Guard, Oct. 10.
Eagle Guard, Sept. 19.
Phœnix Guard, Sept. 19.

Other Companies can have their names added to the above list by sending a line to this office.

Correction.

In the account of a celebrated Sporting House, published in the Clipper last week, it was stated that a certain dog was ready to be matched against any other dog for $100. We have been informed that this is not correct, as the present owner of the dog has no desire whatever to match his dog. Our correspondent, who sent us the article in question, stated that he copied the notice of the match from a card placed in the picture frame. He must have been in error, as our informant states no such card was placed there. Our correspondent was doubtless, wrong. We wish for facts, in all cases.

Yankee Locke is performing at the National Theatre, Boston.

Music and the Drama.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—This beautiful place of amusement has been well patronised since the opening, and it will indeed be a difficult matter to organise a better company of performers than that belonging to this theatre. Sterling comedies and pleasing farces have been the features of the week, and altogether the present season promises to surpass all others at Wallack's.

BOWERY.—Mrs. Farren has been playing a star engagement at the Bowery Theatre, supported by Mr. E. Eddy, Stevens, and the other members of the company, and the houses have been thronged. The benefit of Mrs. Yeomans last week, was a benefit in every sense of the word, and yielded that lady a substantial remuneration for her efforts to please her friends, and the patrons of the Old Bowery.

BURTON'S.—Good company,; good houses, and good plays. What more need be said?

BROADWAY.—Julia Dean has been performing at the Broadway to middling houses. The company would not be injured in the least by an addition of several good performers.

NATIONAL.—Uncle Tom all the time. Theatre crowded with the clergy and the colored population. Religious services every evening. Friend Purdy is about to introduce Uncle Tom to the Philadelphia public, though a drama of the same name has been performing there for some time past, with considerable success.

NIBLO'S.—The Ravel Family in their astonishing performances, continue to fill Niblo's nightly.

OLE BULL.—The two concerts advertised to be given the present week by this artist, have been unavoidably postponed, in consequence of the illness of Ole Bull.

JULLIEN.—The concerts of Jullien have been well attended during the week, though not to an extent commensurate with the vast outlay of the manager in the marshalling of his forces. These concerts will be brought to a close with the close of the present month.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS.—Frank Brower, a Philadelphia delineator of negro eccentricities, has been engaged by Mr. Wood for a short season. Being personally acquainted with Mr. Brower, we can confidently recommend him as the best representative of the "cullud race" at present in New York, and as a gentleman, he is held in high estimation.

In speaking of this establishment, we have a few words to say, which may not be out of place in this connection. In noticing the performers at Wood's, a few weeks since, we mentioned as a piece of news that Eph. Horn and Mr. Newcombe, the burlesque Woman's Rights lecturer, had left the company, and that they were performing in the upper part of this State. We also gave it as our opinion that Mr. Horn and Mr. Newcombe would do well to form a company under their own management, and locate in New York city, where they are such decided favorites. For this, we have been cut off the free list at Wood's. This is a severe blow to us, more especially as the price of admission is so *very high*, 25 cents. However, we shall contrive to visit Wood's and say a good thing in favor of the company, whenever the performers deserve it. Mr. Wood did not stop our free entrance on account of a *crowded* house. We paid for a seat and got it.

Arnold's Olympic theatre, in Baltimore, was opened for the first time on the 12th inst., to a large and fashionable audience.

Miss Julia Bennet made her first appearance in Pittsburg on the 12th inst.

Miss Anna Cruise made her first appearance at the Eagle Street Theatre, Boston, on the 12th inst.

Miss Davenport commenced an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 12th inst.

Mrs. Bridges, an actress of promising abilities, known on the stage by the name of Miss Richardson, died at St. Louis on the 4th instant, of typhoid fever.

The Hutchinson Family are giving concerts at the Tremont Temple in Boston.

That Gift Concert.

We feel it to be our duty to continue our advice to the public in regard to that gift concert so liberally advertised in the different papers. We believe it to be a scheme calculated to benefit none but those engaged in getting it up, and with this object in view it is not to be wondered at that such valuable prizes are to be given away to our 'dear people.' Look out for your dollars, 'friends and fellow-citizens,' and remember that 'all is not gold that glitters.' The New York papers are kept quiet in the matter by that 'big advertisement,' but as we can live very well without being a party to those transactions, we advise the people to be on the look ou.

Lager Beer.

Our Turner friends having *settled down* into their usual quiet, after having *settled down* a few thousand kegs of Lager Beer, we hereby congratulate our fellow citizens on the reduction in the price of that beverage from five cents to four. This is the last *Turner* feat.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1753.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE

The New York Clipper,

ROSS & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
S. HALLOCK, 150 Fulton Street.
MIKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.
YATES & SEELY, 15 Ann Street,

Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

ANSWERS TO CLIPPER CORRESPONDENTS.

C. L. Graham.—At present we have a person attending to that department of our paper. Should a change be made, we shall be happy to obtain your services, and will let you know through this department.

W. J.—The battle between Hyer and Sullivan took place February 17, 1849.

J. F. Perry.—Your communication is inserted in this number with but few alterations. Send us the particulars after the affair comes off.

Tom.—At the Gem Saloon, in Broadway, on the 12th October.

Thespis.—Mrs. Farren, at present performing at the Bowery Theatre, is a sister to Mrs. Parker of that Theatre.

R. J.—1. The ground upon which the battle will be fought, has not yet been selected, nor will it be until a short time previous to the fight. 2. It will not be made public.

J. Wallace.—Sullivan's weight at the present time is about 165 lbs.

Target.—Yes; such is our object. Send us full particulars.

Circus.—The Hippodrome will seat between 4 and 5000 persons. The average attendance at present is about 2000.

Greenhorn.—All right. Send to the office.

The New York Clipper.

FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

NEW HEAD—NEW TYPE, AND ENLARGEMENT.

The unprecedented success of the New York Clipper, not yet six months in existence, has induced us to make still greater improvements in its appearance as well as contents. The immense edition published weekly has so worn our type as to render it necessary to procure an entire new suit, in which the Clipper is presented to its readers this week. We have also procured a new heading, which is both neat and attractive, and cannot fail to please our patrons. Our new type being much smaller than that formerly used on the Clipper, a larger quantity of matter will thus be placed before the reader, without any alteration whatever in our terms. It affords us much pleasure to be able to make these improvements, and our thanks are due to the community for the liberal spirit manifested in our behalf, without which we could not hope to prosper. Several new features will be noticed in this week's paper, which we shall endeavor to improve on as necessity may require. In conclusion, we would remark, that it is, and has been, our aim to please all, and with the continued patronage of our friends and the public, we shall use every endeavor to make the New York Clipper worthy of their support and encouragement.

Trinity Steeple.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The gentleman who so successfully accomplished the feat of climbing up the outside of Trinity Church steeple, and seating himself on the extreme point, will go through the same stupendous performance again in a few weeks. In addition to the above, he will, on reaching the summit of the steeple, hold himself out at arm's length, and in this amazing and truly perilous position, will take up a collection for the benefit of the widows and orphans of worn out and superannuated ministers attached to Trinity Church steeple. The large congregations that attended the first performance are respectfully invited to attend.

Due notice of the day will be given.

The Shooting Season.

Our columns this week present an unusual array of target items, and as we hope to be of essential service to our citizen soldiers in publishing all items of news of interest to them, we hope they will aid us by giving us reports of all military matters coming under their notice. The excursion season has but just commenced, but the present will doubtless eclipse all former seasons, both as regards numbers and dress, as well as deportment. Our young men are fast gaining a knowledge of the use of the musket, and a few years will produce some of the best marksmen to be found in this or any other country. It is "practice that makes perfect," and the young men seem determined to acquire a "good aim" in the use of their firelocks. Let harmony be inculcated also, and we have no fear for the result.

Our readers will please overlook errors in this number.

The Chipper's Cabin.

Talk with our Friends t Home and Abroad.

We have received a number of communications at our office during the past ek, which will all receive proper attion. Our answers to correspondents the last number of the Clipper, have en general satisfaction, and questions every description have been handed to us for solution in this week's paper. low we answer all we have room :

O. K.—Who was the father of Zebee's children?

According to ancient writers, Zebe was said to have been the parent, *by me means*, of a large number of orphans, t it was never satisfactorily determinwho was their *real* father. Accordg to Gunter, who is considered good thority on such subjects, the children Zebedee, originally had *no* father, t by a system of intermarriage, comon in those days, Zebedee assumed e parental care of his orphans.

PHILADELPHIA.—When is the New ork Crystal Palace to be opened.

On making inquiry of Mr. Theodore dgwick, President of the Association, informed us that the Crystal Pale was thrown open to the public on e 15th of July last.

ALIEN.—When is a foreigner entitled a vote in this city.

The fall election takes place on the th of November. To obtain a vote it necessary that a foreigner should land our shores *early on the morning of that y*. It was the case in days gone by, r a foreigner to undergo a probation of number of years before being entitled a vote, but all such old fogy notions re long since exploded.

I WANT TO KNOW.—Is it true that the ew York press can be bought?

No. It is a foul and blackmouthed e. It is a *dire* libel, and we throw ck the *base* insinuation in the teeth the author, if he has any. The New ork Press *cannot* be bought. It was ld long ago.

* * * *

WORRYING DOWN THE PEACHES.—The llowing dialogue between a couple of ullud pussons' we overheard a few ays since;

'Jo, did you ebber ax your lub to hab little somfin after you done taken her n a scrushen.'

'Oh! yes I hab. But I nebber find o difficulty about it. De wimmen always like de good tings, I find dat out erry soon. What makes you ax me, h?'

'Why, de odder day I took de gal out id me, and I stopped 'fore a peach cart nd ax her wood she hab a few peach. She sed no, cause she nebber eats dat ind ob frute. To show de gal dat I ar'nt afeere d ob de expenses, I coaxed er, and told her if she wanted to blige me, she must try to *worry down a ew ob de peach*. De gal got so mad at ne dat she begun at de peach, and afore 'd knode it, she had *worri-d down a ole bushel ob 'em*. Ony a dollar a bushel dats all. I nebber ax her to worry own any ting since.'

* * * *

BILL STICKERS.—We all know Bill tickers as well as Bill Posters, but very ew of us know how they get over the nscriptions 'stick no bills here.' We ecently discovered a member of the osting fraternity covering up a sign with the above inscription upon it, and on asking him why he did so, when it was contrary to law, he said 'the boss always told him to cover up them little signs; and he did so, *cause he couldn't read*.' Good idea in the boss to send an uneducated poster to post bills.

* * * *

NO BETTER.—An honest man is considered the noblest work of creation, and yet in comparison with sporting gentlemen, *he is no better*.

* * * *

MOURNFUL EVENT.—We last week published a bit of poetry on the death of a child from eating unripe fruit. A correspondent has this week favored us with the following touching lines in memory of his Jerusha.

POOR JERUSHA.

A FEELIN' POME.

My little Jerusha, she is gone,
Owin to the want of a Fisishun,
She having eaten of unripe meat
And vegetables without suspishun.
She was taken to her bed last Sabbath day,
Immejutly after dinner,
With violent pains into her stomack,
Which couldn't be pervented.
I sot up with her the follerin nite,
As also the previous day,
But it was a most a tiresome job,
And I was glad when I got away.
At midnight she gave a awful kick,
The loudest I ever heard,
I know'd it was the last of her,
For she never said another word.
We planted her in the burying ground,
Right by the grave of Sally,
Which was her sister as died a while ago,
And thus ends this little epitaph.

Tinicum, N. J. JERUSHA'S FATHER.

We give the above just as it was written. The sorrow of the father can only be equalled by the joy he experienced on getting clear of the job of sitting up with his dying daughter. The father must have been a good farmer, for even in burying Jerusha he says he *planted* her. Jerseymen have some odd notions.

* * * *

THE FIREMEN.—A midnight fire is like a hard clothes-brush, for it is sure *to spoil the nap!*

FUNNY FAN DEPARTMENT.

NUMBER EIGHT.

COFFEE AND CAKE SALOONS.

Reader, did you ever dive into the mysteries of a Coffee and Cake Saloon? Most of my young friends have, I believe, but there are thousands of my readers who daily pass these convenient little stopping places, and yet have never had curiosity enough to wish to enter. Some think they are frequented only by low and vulgar rowdies, who merely make them places of meeting, to discuss the merits of the Philadelphia Killers or the New York Short Boys. To those who think thus, let me say you are decidedly wrong in your conclusions. Take a walk with me, and I'll show you some of the principal Coffee and Cake Saloons and disabuse your mind of any erroneous impressions you may have formed of them. Let's see, where shall we begin. Ah! I have it, we'll visit those in the Bowery first, and then take a walk down town to see our friend Dick Marshall. You see that Saloon near the Bowery Theater? That's Harry Weekerley's; he has a fine run of custom, owing no doubt to the superiority of his cakes and the strength and good quality of his coffee. Come down! Well gentlemen, coffee and cakes? If you please. Two plates, shouts the attendant, and in the twinkling of an eye, you have a delicious cup of coffee and a plate of hot butter cakes set before you, fit for a President. Look around you. How nice everything looks—how clean the dishes, and how polite the attendants. You see all classes of society here, from the fast young man down to the slow old fogy. But come, we'll cross over to the other side of the street. Here are two saloons together. How's that, you ask. Come down No. 51 and we'll tell you. You see how clean everything is kept, and with what regularity everything is conducted. "Coffee and cakes two plates." Here they are, fresh from the bakers hands. Meschutt is the gentleman's name keeping this saloon. He formerly kept at No. 49, but in April last, Meschutt received notice that he would have to pay more rent, or leave the premises. Here was a quandary. What was he to do? His business was here, and for him to leave the neighborhood would be to give up his business altogether.—Very luckily, however, he ascertained that the beer cellar next door would be to rent from the first of May. Meschutt at once secured it, notified his old landlord that he would not pay any increase of rent, and of course the landlord of 49 at once rented the saloon to a very clever young fellow called Dick, who opened immediately on the removal of Meschutt, the latter snugly fixing himself under No. 51. And this accounts for the two Coffee and Cake Saloons being in such close proximity.—They injure each other to be sure, but still there is business for all. We'll go down No. 49 and see Dick. As a description of Dick's saloon is but a description of all, we shall give it. The entrance to the saloon is large and roomy. On reaching the saloon, you see arranged on each side about a dozen pine tables, each table capable of accommodating four persons. Under each table are the stools. On the tables are the sugar bowls, containing a very fine article of white sugar. On the counter, at the further end of the saloon, are placed large piles of clean looking dishes, near by are two large tin urns, kept scrupulously clean and polished—in one of these urns is the milk, in the other, coffee, kept hot by means of fire underneath the urn. In a small room, back of the saloon, is the baker's department, with oven and everything complete for the making and baking of butter cakes. The cakes are generally brought to you fresh from the oven, and the coffee clear, strong and of beautiful flavor, from the urn, which is replenished as fast as emptied. While eating our cakes, let us take a look at the customers, and listen to what they call for. "Dick, let's have some punkin pie." "One plate of punkin," replies Dick. "Two cups of coffee no milk in one." "Apple pie and cup of milk." "Two cakes on that plate." "One plate, well buttered." "Piece of peach pie," &c. &c. So it goes as, fast as one customer retires another takes his place. The newsboy and the actor often sit side by side at the same table, and the employer and employed find themselves together, all enjoying themselves in an innocent manner, and all on an equality for once. The Coffee and Cake Saloons generally commence business about dark and keep open until daylight next morning, during which time a considerable quantity of good things have been put away by customers, and a considerable number of sixpences put away by the proprietors. Fall and winter are the best seasons for these places, and of a cold night it is indeed a luxury to enter one of these saloons and partake of a dish of hot coffee and a plate of cakes, smoking hot, and swimming in butter.

Who has not heard of "Butter Cake Dick? Dick used to be located in Spruce st., near Nassau, where he amassed a considerable sum of money, principally left with him by hungry newsboys, whose custom is of great value. For a long time Dick had the business almost exclusively to himself, and well did he profit by it. Dick would talk politics, however, and as he generally happened to bet on the wrong side, it almost invariably happened that on the morning after an election, Dick would find his cash expenditures rather heavier than his receipts, and it finally effected his business to a serious extent. Experience is a good, though an expensive teacher, and Dick having turned over a new leaf after his last excursion up Salt River, at once pitched his tent in Nassau street above Ann, where he is now once more engaged in ministering to the wants of his old friends, the newsboys, who vastly prefer a Marshall to a Cooper.

The People In Motion.

Ever since the introduction of the Daguerrean Hat, as perfected by those practical hatters, Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of 57 Chatham-street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, a constant run of custom has kept the hands employed by the above gentlemen "as busy as bee." This is not to be wondered at considering that the style of hats manufactured by them are superior to almost all others, and besides this, a daguerreotype likeness of each customer is inserted in his hat, free of any additional expense. Every hat manufactured by the above firm is warranted to fit, without that oppressive binding usually felt on wearing a new hat. We have tried the article manufactured by Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, and can honestly recommend the Daguerrean Hat as being easy to the head, and attractive to the eye.

The Great Rush.

Have you visited the extensive Carpet Warehouse of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery, since the commencement of the Fall Trade? If not, you have, indeed, missed a beautiful sight. The gorgeousness and brilliancy of some of the patterns cannot be surpassed. All the various designs of Carpetings can be found at this establishment, and at prices to suit the most economical housekeeper. The strangers in town at this time have been selecting their fall purchases in unusually large quantities, owing in a great measure to the extremly low rates at which they can purchase Carpetings at Mr. Anderson's establishment, in comparison to the charges made at other stores. Our city folks are beginning to make their selections, and altogether the fall and winter months promise a great increase to Mr. Anderson's business, to meet which he has added an additional building to his already large warehouse, which will allow all the varieties of carpeting to be displayed to still greater advantage for the benefit of customers.

Policemen.

It has become such a fashion with the newspaper press of New York to censure our policemen, that every little disturbance is magnified into a tremendous riot; a petit larceny into a glaring burglary, and a "kick on the shins" into an awful murder. This is done to bring discredit on the police department, and to let other cities know that ours is the worst-governed city in the Union. If a horse runs away, and an officer is not at hand to stop him, the department is blamed for it, though the officer may be occupied at that very moment in quelling a row in an adjacent street. This is not exactly honest. Many an officer has a space of ground to walk over, the extent of which our citizens have no idea, and yet happen what may, and where it may, that officer must always be on hand, no matter if he should be attending to his duty in a distant part of his beat. 'Where's the officer,' cries one. 'Oh, he'll be here after its all over,' says another. 'You can never catch one of them when you want them, puts in a third, and so on, everybody has something to say against the officer, yet none has a kind word to say in his favor. Our police prevent many riots, robberies and murders from taking place, yet the public are kept in ignorance of these facts, and no encouragement given the department for its efficiency. This is all wrong. Our citizens owe much to the energy of the police department.

The North and the South.

THE severe affliction which has befallen our sister cities at the South, by which the cold hand of disease has left its mark of desolation and of death in every household, is but another evidence of the feebleness of man in the hands of his Creator. And yet this scourge, by which thousands of our fellow-creatures have been hurried into eternity, will be the means of binding together the brotherhood of the Union, in an embrace that can never be broken. "All is for the best." What a beautiful thought. While attempts have been made by unprincipled men to dissolve this glorious confederation, by agitating the questions of slavery, and abolitionism, thus arraying one section of the Union against the other, the common enemy of all stepped in, and by bringing disease, misery and death into the habitations of one portion of our country, the way was thus opened to the citizens of the North, to show their love for their stricken follow-countrymen at the South, by sending them succor in time of need, by giving bread to the poor, rendering aid to the sick, and relieving the necessities of all who needed assistance. Talk about dissolving the Union! We hope this treasonable project will never more be thought of. Its against nature.

Paper Balloons from the Sun Office.

During the recent celebration at the Sun office, several paper balloons were sent off, of which no tidings have since been heard. The proprietor of the Sun wishes to know where they alighted. If it would not be considered out of place for us to call up sad recollections of the past, we might tell him that some of them "came down" on the *sand banks at Plainfield*. This is in return, we suppose, for those paper balloons sent off from that spot some few years ago, and which unfortunately alighted in this city.

City Amusements.

The Strangers' Guide.

[Any omissions, alterations, or corrections, in the following list, will be attended to, on the fact being made known at our Office.]

The following list at once points out to strangers and others, the localities of every place of amusement in New-York City, together with the prices of admission, time of opening, and much other useful information, not to be found in any other journal.

Wallack's Theatre.
Broadway, near Broome-Street.
Parquette, Dress and Family Circle.
Parquette and DressCircle 50 cts., Family Circle 25 cts.
Lessee ..... Mr. Wallack.
Stage Manager .... Mr. Lester.
Treasurer ..... Mr. Charles Wallack.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances commence at half-past 7.
The following are the names of the members of the Company:

Mr. Blake,	Mr. Lester,
Mr. Brougham,	Mr. Walcot,
Mr. Lysander Thompson,	Mr. Dyott,
Mr. Reynolds,	Mr. F. A. Vincent,
Mr. H. B. Phillips,	Mr. Mr. F. Chippendale,
Mr. Lyster,	Mr. Rea,
Mr. Chandler,	Mr. Bernard,
Mr. Browne,	Mr. Oliver,
Mr. Burke,	Mr. Thomas,
and Mr. Wallack.	
Miss Laura Keene,	Mrs. Brougham,
Mrs. Conway,	Mrs. Cramer,
Mrs. Stevens.	Mrs. Isherwood,
Mrs. Conover,	Mrs. Browne,
Miss Esmond,	Miss Julia Gould,
Mrs. Walcot,	Miss Norval,
Miss Tayleure,	Miss Osborne.
Mrs. Blake.	

Broadway Theatre.
Broadway, between Pearl and Anthony.
E. A. Marshall, Sole Lessee.
Parquette and Three Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
Parquette and First Tier of boxes .... 50 cts.
Family and Upper Circles ..... 25 cts.
Admission for colored person in Third Circle ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7, commence at half-past 7.
Company:

Mr. Barry,	Mr. Davidge,
Mr. Conway,	Mr. Davenport,
Mr. Whiting,	Mr. Lanergan,
Mr. Grosvenor,	Mr. Sanford,
Mr. Matthews,	Mr. Vincent,
Mr. Walters,	Mr. Barnard,
Mr. Wright,	Mr. Henry,
Mr. Cutler,	Mr. Duss,
Mr. McDouall.	
Mrs. Vernon,	Mrs. Henry,
Mrs. Bernard,	Mrs. Abbott,
Miss A. Gougenheim	Miss Portland,
Mrs. Fisk,	Miss J. Gougenheim,
Miss Price.	

Bowery Theatre.
Bowery, Between Bayard and Walker-street.
Pit and Lower Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
First Second and Third Circles of Boxes, 25 cts.
Pit and Gallery ..... 12½ cts.
Manager, ... E. D. Stevens,
Treasurer, ... Mr. Waldron,
Assistant Treasurer, ... F. E. Wemyss.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.
Company:

Mr E. Eddy,	Mr R. Johnston,
Mr Glenn,	Mr J. Winans,
Mr J. Dunn,	Mr Hamilton,
Mr Stevens,	Mr Collins,
Mr Lamb,	Mr Stone,
Mr Leffingwell.	
Mrs Parker,	Mrs Dunn,
Mrs Monell,	Miss Hiffert,
Miss Somers.	

Burton's Theatre.
Chamber's-Street, opposite the Park.
Manager ..... Mr. W. E. Burton.
Parquette, First and Second circle of Boxes.
Admission to all parts of the house 50 cts.
Doors open at 7, commence at half-past 7.
Company:

Mr Burton,	Mr Holland,
Russell,	T. Johnson,
Jordan,	Barrett,
Norton,	Fisher,
Andrews,	Radcliff,
Levere,	Moore,
Mrs Buckland,	Mrs Hughes,
Burton,	Brunton,
Cooke,	Hough,
Miss Julia Pelby,	Miss Raymond,

National Theatre.
Chatham-Street, between Rosevelt and James.
Manager ..... Mr Purdy
Dress Circle and Boxes ..... 25 cts.
Pit ..... 12½ cts.
Parquette for colored people ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7½,—commence at 8 o'clock.
Company:

Mr. Prior,	Mr. J. Lingard,
G. L. Fox,	H. Stone,
N. B. Clarke,	Diamond,
Siple,	L. Fox,
Toulmin,	Herbert,
Rose,	Mack,
McDonnell,	Daymond,
Lyons,	Mitchell,
Cline,	Smith,
Master Murray.	
Mrs. G. C. Howard,	Mrs. W. G. Junes,
Bannister,	Bradshaw.
Miss Lingard,	Sanders,
Barber,	Cordelia Howard.

Niblo's Garden.
Broadway and Prince-Streets.
Proprietor ..... Mr. Niblo.
Parquette and Two Tiers of Boxes.
Admission to all parts of the house 50 cts
Doors open at 7,—commence at 8 o'clock.
Operatic performances, by the Italian Company of Max Marctzek.
Pantomimes by the Ravel Family.

German National Theatre.
Nos. 17 and 19 Bowery.
F. Kruger and E. Haman Manager and Proprietor.
Doors open at 7,—commence at 8 o'clock.
Admission—Parquette, and First tier, 50 cts.
Parterie ..... 25 cts.

Hippodrome.
Junction of Broadway and 5th Avenue.
Doors open at 2½ in the afternoon, and 7 o'clock in the Evening.
Performances commence at 2 P. M. and quarter before 8 P. M.
Admission $1; 50 cts.; and 25 cts.
Equestrian Performances.

Washington Circus.
Corner of 39th Street and 6th Avenue.
Moore, Thompson and Mann, Proprietors.
Doors open at 2 in the afternoon and 7 in the evening.
Performances commence at 3 and 7½ P. M.
Admission to all parts of the house 25 cts.
Equestrian and other performances.

Castle Garden.
At the Battery.
Manager ..... M. Jullien.
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Admission—Balcony ..... 50 cts.
Promenade ..... 25 cts.
Instrumental and Vocal Concerts.

Wonderful Woman,
Weighing 764 pounds, exhibiting at 410 Broadway.
Admission ..... 25 cts.

Museum of Egyptian Antiquities,
Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway.
Admission ..... 25 cts.
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Gallery of Christian Art,
Paintings by the most celebrated Italian, Spanish, French and Elemish masters,
843 Broadway, near Union Park.
Admission ..... 25cts.
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Signor Blitz,
The Wonderful Magician,
And the Learned Canary Birds,
659 Broadway.
Admission ..... 25cts.

Panorama of Niagara.
Hope Chapel, No. 718 Broadway.
Panorama moves at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.
Admission, 50 cts: children, 25 cts.

Seven Mile Mirror,
Chinese Assembly Rooms, 539 Broadway.
Tickets of Admission $1
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

European Magician,
Saloon of Chinese Buildings.
Admission ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

Banvard's Georama,
Egypt, Petræ, and the Land of Eden.
Admission ..... 25 cts.
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.

Barnum's Museum,
Broadway and Ann streets.
P. T. Barnum ..... Proprietor.
Exhibition of Curiosities and Theatrical Representations.
Admission 37 1-2 and 25 cts. Open day and evening.

Spiritual Manifestations,
No. 413 Broadway, corner of Lispenard.
Communications from Spirits every afternoon from 3 to 6; evening, from 7 1-2 to 10 o'clock.
Admission ..... 25 cts.

Living Giraffes,
Chinese Rooms, 539 Broadway
Admission ..... 25 cts.

Rheinish Belgian Gallery,
No. 663 Broadway.

Battle of New Orleans,
National Painting,
Sixth Avenue, opposite Crystal Palace.
Admission ..... 25 cts.
Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Wood's Minstrels,
No. 444 Broadway.
H. Wood ..... Manager and Proprietor.
Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Ethiopian Burlesques.
Company.

Mr. Campbell,	Mr. J A Herman,
S A Wells,	D Bryant,
J Bryant,	T F Briggs,
L Myer,	H M Williams,
C. Grahame	Hernandez.

White's Minstrels.
Melodeon, 53 Bowery.
White & Emmet ..... Proprietors.
Admission ..... 12 1-2 and 6 1-4 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8.
Negro Comicalities.

Christy's Minstrels,
No. 472 Broadway, above Grand,
E. P. Christy ..... Manager and Proprietor.
Admission ..... 25 cts
Ethiopian Delineations.

Buckley's Minstrels,
Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.
Buckley ..... Proprietor.
R. Bishop Buckley ..... Musical Director.
Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

Lee's Minstrels.
Franklin Museum, 175 Chatham Square.
George Lee ..... Proprietor.
Admission ..... 50, 37 1-2, 25, 12 1-2 cts
Negro Eccentricities, and Model Artists.

Temple of Graces,
Sixth Avenue, opposite Crystal Palace.
Admission ..... 25 cts
Performances every hour.
Model Artists.

STYTE OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Albany, August 18, 1853.

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK. Sir:—Notice is hereby given that at the General Election to be held in the State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State in the place of Henry S. Randall.

A Comptroller in the place of John C. Wright.

An attorney General in tpe place of Levi S. Chatfield.

A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of William J McAlpine.

A State Treasurer, in the place of Benjamin Welch, Junior.

A Canal Commissioner in the place of John C. Mather.

A State Prison Inspector, in the place of William P. Angel.

Two Judges of the Court of Appeals—one in the place of Charles H. Ruggles, and one in the place of Hiram Denio, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Freeborn G. Jewitt.

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals in the place of Charles S. Benton.

All whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next, except that of Freeborn G. Jewitt, which will expire on the last day of December, 1857.

Also a Justice of the Supreme Court for the first Judicial District, in the place of John W. Edmonds, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also four Senators for the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Senate Districts, in the place of William McMurray, Obadiah Newcombe, James W. Beekman, and Edwin D. Morgan, whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

COUNTY OFFICERS ALSO TO BE ELECTED FOR SAID COUNTY.

Sixteen Members of Assembly.

Two Justices of the Superior Court in theplace of John Duer, and Robert Emmett.

A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Charles P. Daly.

A District Attorney in the place of N. Bowditch Blunt.

Two Governors of the Alms-House, in the place of Richard S. Williams and Isaac Townsend.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours respectfully,
HENRY S. RANDALL,
Secretary of State.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JOHN ORSER,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the Election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. i. chap. 9, title 3, part 1st, page 146.

Just Published,
A new edition of the interesting and amusing game of
THE SOCIABLE SNAKE,
and for sale, wholesale and retail, at R. P. ELLIOT'S News Depot, 52 Division St.

WASHINGTON CIRCUS—Corner of 6th avenue and 39th street.
MANN, MOORE & THOMPSON, Proprietors.
Colonel ALVAH MANN, Manager.
The new Spectacle of THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE will be performed EVERY AFTERNOON and EVENING this week, in which, beside the whole of the large company now engaged, a large number oj auxiliary artists will appear, beside the splendid Stud of Horses and collection of Leopards, Elephants, Ostriches, Monkeys, Ponies, and other rare beasts and birds.
Madame TOURNAIRE will go through her beautiful performance at each entertainment.
Afternoon—Doors open at 2 o'clock; performance to commence at 3.
Evening—Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8.

The New York Clipper,

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO
THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,
And the various sports of the
OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms, viz., 6 cents per line for the first insertion, and 4 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. The CLIPPER will afford a desirable medium for the circulation of sporting and other advertisements, as its immense patronage secures its perusal by 50,000 readers.

Full reports of every sporting affair of interest, in this or the old country, will be always found in the CLIPPER, and extensive arrangements will be made to procure such domestic information as cannot be found in any other journal.

The Amusement Department, embracing the Opera, Theatricals, Exhibitions, &c., &c., will be under the direction of a gentleman every way qualified for that duty. Our reports will be correct, and such as may be depended upon for truthfulness.

In fact, no expense will be spared by the proprietor, to render the NEW YORK CLIPPER one of the most desirable papers published in this city.

Communications on business should be addressed to the proprietor, and those for the editorial department to the editor. Either of our Wholesale Agents will receive and deliver into our hands all communications addressed to us. Correspondence from other cities, towns, &c., will meet with proper attention.

Sporting Items are solicited from all quarters.

TEMRS OF THE CLIPPER.

Three Cents a single copy.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a year.

Four Copies will be sent to one address one year for **Five Dollars,** or a larger number in the same proportion; in all cases in advance,

Address. HARRISON TRENT,
150 Fulton Street, N. Y.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESAL AND RETAIL.

Sales Room No. 1.

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide

Sales Room No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

Sales Room No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

Salis Room No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

Sale s Room No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

Sales Room No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English Manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

Sales Room No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s., and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold at twenty per cent less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON,
99 BOWERY.

N. B.—Familes and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb 253m

BOWERY LITERARY EMPORIUM.—That old established stand, the "BOWERY NEWS HUT," (177 Bowery, near Delancey,) still continues to supply all the Sunday, Weekly and Daily papers, as soon as published; also, the Magazines and Cheap Publications, soon as out; together with a general assortment of Blank Books and Stationery. Harpers' will not be sold at cost, (in imitation of several "busy B's" about town,) but at the sufficiently low price of 18 3-4 cents. Plays of the Standard and Minor Dramas constantly on hand.

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,
Established in 1832, by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard street, New York,
For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

My Vegetable Strengthening Bitters is a speedy and permanent cure for all weakness of the organs of generation, and for that terrible affliction, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions. It has not, in a single instance, failed to effect a radical cure where it has been tried. Office arranged so that persons never meet going in or out. I have private rooms for each person. Medicines carefully put up and sent to all parts of the United States, with advice and full directions.

GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,
Successor to Dr. George W. Bond.
Office corner of Orchard and Grand sts., New York. Entrance No. 65 Orchard street.
Office hours from 10 till 12 A. M., and from 7 till 10 o'clock P. M.
☞ Price of Vegetable Strengthening Bitters $1 per bottle.

PETERSON & HUMPHREY, IMPORTERS and Dealers in Carpeting, Oil Cloths Window Shades, Druggets, Table and Piano Covers, &c. No. 379 Broadway, cor. of White street, New York.
G. F. PETERSON,
G. S. HUMPHREY.

LOVERS OF GOOD SEGARS, BRANDIES, Wines and other luxuries, are informed that they will be satisfied by calling at FRANCIS J. KRUGLER'S, No. 107 Nassau street The best segars in the city; also, the best of Brandies, Wines, Cordials, &c., will be found there. The public are respectfully invited to give him a call, as no pains will be spared to gratify those who will favo: him with a call. Remember the number, 107 Nassau street.

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment.

This article has been thoroughly introduced, and is now universally used, throughout the entire Union, British Provinces, Canada, Bermudas, and West India Islands, and its power and influence is fast becoming felt, wherever civilization has obtained a foothold. Its mild and soothing influence upon diseased parts—effectually CURING in all cases—virtues so diametrically opposed to all other medicines of the kind used—has obtained for it its world-wide reputation.

RHEUMATISM.

of years standing has been totally eradicated from the system, giving the limbs all their pristine vigor and activity. Its power to conquer this dreadful affliction alone makes it invaluable; but there are many other diseases considered equally incurable, and almost as distressing, that are entirely dispelled under the magical influence of the

MUSTANG LINIMENT.

An experience of five years enables us to assert with confidence that it will cure
PILES,
ULCERS,
TUMORS, OF ALL
KINDS OLD RUNNING
SORES, SCROFULOUS DISEASES, STIFFNESS OF JOINTS
AND MUSCLES, FELONS, SWELLINGS, AND INFLAMMATIONS.
NEURALGIA, TOOTH-ACHE.
EAR-ACHE, GOUT, CORNS,
SPAVIN, RING-BONE, FISTULA,
CHAFES, GALLS, SCRATCHES,
POLL EVIL, SWENEY,
and in fact any disease of
MAN OR BEAST,
that can be touched with an EXTERNAL APPLICATION.

As a healing and soothing balm for Burns, Cuts, and Bruises, which so frequently result from the accidents of every-day life, it has no equal.

A PRUDENT HOUSEWIFE
will always keep a bottle in the cupboard, ready for any emergency.

A CALCULBTING FARMER
would as soon think of working his farm without horses, as to working his horses without the MUSTANG LINIMENT.

LIVERY STABLE KEEPERS,
Who are acknowledged to be the best judges of horse flesh in the world, and who are the most careful in preserving the beauty, health, and vigor of the noble animal have used the Mustang thoroughly, and pronounced it to be the best and only reliable remedy that can be applied.

It is put in three different size bottles and retailed as follows:—

Small size	25	cents per bottle.
Medium "	50	" "
Large "	$1 00	" "

The MEDIUM contains three times as much as the SMALL size, and the DOLLAR nearly three times as much as the Medium size; so there is a gain of fifty per cent in buying the larger sizes.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Every store should be supplied with this valuable LINIMENT, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., Proprietors,
304 Broadway, New York, and cor. 3d and Market-sts., St. Louis, Mo.

Sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and territories not yet annexed.

To Sportmen, Californians and others.

Alfred Woodham,

NO. 160 FULTON STREET,
one door West of Broadway,
Opposite "ST. PAUL'S" Church.

Importer and Dealer in Guns, Pistols and Cutlery, is constantly receiving from Manufacturers a full assortment of the above articles, as well as all articles in the Sporting line, viz. Dram Bottles, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, Gun Wadding, &c. &c. "Colt's" Patent Pistols, Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sole Agent for "Klein's Patent Primers and Cartridges for Patent Needle Gun.

"Porter's Patent Revolving and Repeating Rifles.

All of which are offered at very low prices. The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

THE ORIGINAL NEWSPAPER DEPOT.

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Dealers will find it much to their advantage to patronise the oldest establishment in the United States. By so doing they can have all their Books, Magazines and Newspapers packed carefully in one package, thus avoiding the additional expense of many bundles. Arrangements have been made with the various Publishers, Steamboat, and Railroad Companies, for the earliest transmissino of Newspapers, &c., superior to any other house.

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Wishing something nice in the way of
Pictures, Looking Glasses, &c.,
can be supplied at the very lowest prices for cash, by calling on

ROGERS, 150 FULTON STREET,
near Broadway,
where they will find a good assortment of every style both antique and modern.

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $4; and in addition giving each Customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

Ross & Jones,

NO. 21 ANN STREET,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR SUPPLYING the city and country with Daily and Weekly News-papers, Cheap Books and Maganzines, take great pleasure in giving notice that they have now completed their arrangements with the Publishers for filling the orders of their customers at least one day in advance of any other house in the city.

All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangment with the numerous Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Magazines.

Now all of

Yachting.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Another match has been made between the same boats, to come off on the 3d of next month, for $250 a side—half forfeit. The place of sailing is not yet named. It will probably be at Biloxi, outside the Island.

RESULT.

Sweepstake sailing match, free for all second class pleasure yachts, under the rules of the Southern Yacht Club, $200 subscription, $100 forfeit, fifteen miles, twice around a triangle of seven and a half miles.

Sloop Edith, J. G. Bobinson. 1
Sloop Venture, Venture Club. capsized.

The Imperial Yacht.

The little steamer built expressly for the private use of Louis Napoleon and his household, is called *L'Eugenie*, after the Empress, for whom at first it was to have been designed, and is furnished with alow pressure horizontal engine of about 120 horses power, yet draws but two feet of water. The interior arrangements are thus described in a recent French journal:—

Forward there is a space for the sailors, with office and a dining saloon, dressing-rooms, vestibule, and finally a saloon for the Empress—besides four other cabins near the wheel. The decorations are not merely rich, but abounding in elegance and good taste, and carefully avoiding the tawdry display so often to be met now in the packet boats and hotels. The paintings, the panneling and hangings are most harmoniously toned. The principal apartment is fitted up in the style of Louis XV.—white relieved with gold, with red damask hangings—the panels ornamented with bees crowns and ciphers. On the middle of each is a medallion, exquisitely painted, recalling some scene in the Emperor's life from the environs of Arenenberg to the places of St. Cloud and the Tuileries. Light is admitted through stained glass windows, which are master-pieces in their way, representing Spanish subjects, with Madrid and Aranjuez, Grenada and Seville, in compliment to the Empress. On the right of this apartment is that appropriated to the Emperor, hung with green silk damask—while that of the Empress, on the left, is draped with white damask—and furnished in Pompadour silk, the whole having a truly regal effect.

Extraordinary Rowing Match.

The Paris regatta came off with great *eclat* on Monday, a great number of boats being entered. Rouen and Havre sent some of their best crews. The English Amateur Rowing Club also entered the list, but broke two of their rowlocks when starting in their French four oared boat built according to the required size; however, to the surprise of everybody, the English boat started with two instead of four men, and a most exciting race ensued, the English taking the lead and kept it—beating fifteen four oared boats, and winning the silver medal! The applause was most enthusiastic. In the second race the Paris Amateur Club carried off the first prize—a gold medal.

The Great Point Clear Regatta.

MOBILE, *Aug.* 25, 1853.

The great regatta at Point Clear, in which those munificent prizes in gold coin were to be contested for, sure enough did not come off to-day, notwithstanding the representation of your correspondent, and the statements of the "First Private." The only boat from New Orleans that were fooled were the Venture and Singapore. You can imagine their disappointment upon their arrival at the Point when they were informed that the regatta arrangements and the splendid gold prizes existed only in the coinage of the brain of some of M'me. Rumor's devotees.

The Fairy, Sylph, Edith and Amelia were all in readiness at Biloxi, but were unwilling to take the chances of a nibble at the golden bait without better authority.

As soon as the Daphne people discovered that the Point Clear Regatta had *busted up*, they set to work to get up one for Wednesday next, the 31st instant, for second, third, and fourth class boats. As the Mischief is not in order there will be no prize offered for first class boats. This will be a sore disappointment to the owner of the Fairy, as he would have taken a shy at her in deep water.

The great affair of the season will be the six days' regatta to take place at Pass Christian, commencing on the 20th of September. The first day for the "Gold Challenge Cup," now held by the Stingaree. Where is "Bill Beans?" Don't he want to take another equinoctial sail? —*N. O. Picayune.*

Geneva Regatta.

GENEVA, *Sept.* 2.

The Regatta yesterday attracted a large crowd of people, but the lake was nearly calm, and no interest could be got until towards the close, when a breeze came to the relief of all parties. Twelve boats were entered. The distance run was about twelve miles, making the "Island Queen," from Springport, the victor. She took the first prize, the silver pitcher; the "Blue Bell," from Skaneateles, the second; the "Flying Cloud," from Seneca Falls, the third; and the "Cayuga Chief," from Skaneateles, the fourth.

To-day has been beautiful, and a fresh breeze from the south made the trial for a purse of $400 one of great excitement. The contesting yachts were the "Blue Bell" and the "Flying Cloud." The former led a long distance at the outset, but the last few miles, the latter gained rapidly on the former, and both came up to the stake boat "neck and neck." The "Flying Cloud," in the estimation of all, is entitled to the purse; but who shall take it, the judges have not yet decided.—*Albany Eve. Journal.*

Chinese Sport.

An officer stated in court yesterday, in a case where two Ching Chings were charged with robbing a fellow celestial in a drinking saloon on Dupont street, that the party who had lost his money was rather drunk, and that it was a custom with them when spreeing to steal together and keep uttering a quantity of lingo, for instance—"Ka, glung, Ke Ko, glumg yer, Ra Wha," and that the one who happened to get the last Wha!" out was compelled to drink, and they went on having a nice time of it of course.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GRUNDY AND PHILLIPS.—In our edition of the 10th of last month, we stated that a match (in which several gentlemen who take great interest in Turf sports were much interested) had been made between Richard Grundy of Manchester, and Bolton Phillips of Newcastle, Staffordshire, to run 120 yards at Bellevue, for £25 a side. We also then added that it was originally intended to come off in eight weeks from the 25th of June, but the backer of Phillips was afterwards allowed the option of naming a week prior or subsequent to that time. The whole of the stakes were deposited when the contest was agreed upon, and since then much interest has been manifested, and considerable sums speculated, as to the result. At an early period, both pedestrians entered the course, and many of the local betting men on the Turf were present. Though the veteran, Dick Grundy, looked in first-rate condition, his opponent was more fancied—the betting commencing at five to four on Phillips, and the odds increased prior to start, six to four being invested on him—the "metallics" denoting that large sums were pending the issue. The stakeholder, Mr. Clough, of the Post Office Hotel, Manchester, was appointed referee, and the competitors proceeded to the scratch. After twenty-two minutes had elapsed, an admirable start was effected, Phillips, possibly, gaining a very slight advantage, which he increased to about a foot in the middle of the distance, having accidentally placed one of his feet in a small vacuum in the course, and which, for an instant, retarded his speed. When they arrived within forty yards of home, however, Grundy breasted Phillips, and a beautiful race concluded by Mr. Clough declaring that Grundy had won the contest by three-quarters of a yard.—*Bell's Life.*

WILLIAM SPOONER of Turnham Green, says he will walk Westhall 10 miles for £25 or £50 a side and the belt. The match to come of in six or eight weeks from the first deposit, or he will give Jones one minute start in seven miles, or Allen two minutes in eight miles for a like sum; or he will walk any man 10 miles, and run 10 miles, at one start, or give any man in the world two minutes start in 20 miles for their own sum. To take place on a fair turnpike road. Or he will make a match with Thomas to do the "Kentish Town" feats for £50, and if none accept these challenges, Spooner states that he shall decline walking any more.

CHARLES WESTHALL *v.* TIME.—This celebrated runner backed himself to run a mile in four minutes, in four separate starts, at the Flora Gardens, Bayswater, on Monday last. There was a large attendance of the patrons of the sport, many of whom laid against "old Time." Agreeably to the conditions of the match, Westhall was to be allowed thirty minutes rest between each quarter of a mile. With little or no delay, Westhall made his appearance at the mark, and at the appointed signal bounded off at extraordinary speed, which he maintained to the end, doing the quarter some seconds under the minute, and the same on each successive start, finally completing the mile in eight seconds under the four minutes, amidst the cheers of the spectators. The amount of the stakes contended for, it was said, was £40 (?)

QUOITS.

On Saturday se'nnight a quoit match, for £5 a side, was played at Mr. Anderson's yard, High Felling, between James Felling and Charles Shippon of Blaydon, 18 yards, sticking clay ends, and 61 shots, and was won by the former.—On Saturday another match was played between Joseph Graham of Felling Shore and Shippon, on the same conditions as the above, and after some excellent play, was won by Graham.

ROTHERHAM AND HAWLEY.—These men met on Hyde Park Grounds, Sheffield, on Tuesday, to decide their match, for £20, from seven to nine yards, hard ends, 31 up, Rotherham giving Hawley three casts. The game, which was keenly contested, was ultimately won by Rotherham scoring 31 to Hawley's 28, including the three points given. A great deal of money changed hands.—*Bell's Life, Aug.* 21.

THE RING.

Jerry Noon will fight any man in the world at 10st 2lb if he will stake £200 to £100. Money ready at Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air-street, Piccadily, or at Solid Coates's, Old Crown, Tower-street, Birmingham, where Noon will be on Tuesday.

Simon Fineghty will fight Riley of Birmingham for £25 a side if Riley will send word next week what he may require for expenses to come to London to fight. Fineghty's money is ready at T. Beaumont's Grapes, Albemarle-street, Clerkenwell.

Mr. Mann of the Lord Nelson, Clement's Inn-passage, has a Novice who will fight any 11 stone man who has never fought for more than £25 a side. Man and money ready at the above place.

Jemmy Welch of the George, East Harding-street, Farringdon Market, has a man he will back against Jerry Noon, at 9st 21lb, if Noon will fight him £100 to £50.

The Sport of Falconry.

A very interesting display of this fine old sport took place on Monday in the Fifteen Acres, Phœnix Park, Dublin, before a large number of the nobility, gentry, and officers of the garrison, amongst whom were the Hon. Captain Elliot, A. D. C., the Hon. Major Ponsonby, the Hon. Captain Lindsay, Lieut. Col. Smyth, (16th Lancers,) Capt. Dickson, Lieut. Shelton, &c., and a large number of persons interested in field sports. At about 4 o'clock Mr. C. Pells arrived with his admirably trained falcons, two of which are of the true peregrine variety. The birds, on their jesses and hoods being removed, performed a series of magnificent flights, which seemed to excite general approbation from all present. The first flight, on two pigeons being thrown up, was exceedingly exciting, but was brought to a rather premature conclusion by the dextrous manœuvres of their wily enemy, who pounced upon one of them with a celerity which was really surprising. The unfortunate pigeon was, however, rescued uninjured by Mr Pells.

BILLIARDS.

The match at billiards between Mr. John Roberts, the well-known player, and Mr. Starks, the American player, for $25 a side, came off on Tuesday, in the large room of the Griffin Inn, Lower Broughton, Although a fee of 5s, each was charged to see the match, the room was crowded to excess, some even availing themselvs of a view of it from the skylight, and lovers of sport from almost all parts of England were present. As will be remembered, the match was 1,000 up, and Mr. Robberts gave his opponent 300 to start with. The game played was the American 4-ball game, and operations were commenced at precisely half past six o'clock. At the opening of the game there was but little scoring on either side. What there was, was in favor of Mr. Starks, who had scored 111, when Mr. Roberts had only marked 29. From this time the latter gentleman began to score more rapidly, and steadily diminished the number which he had to gain before equailing the score of his opponent.

His play during this portion of the game was excellent, and elicited frequent expressions of admiration from those who witnessed it. Mr. Starkes played in a very good style, but without the certainty of effect of his rival, and the difference of scoring showed on whose side was the superior merit. After scoring with great steadiness for some time, making 30, 40, and in one case 70, off a break, Mr. Roberts succeeded in equalling the score of his adversary, which was then (including the 300 given to him on the commencement) 734.

At the commencement of the game there had been some betting, at 6 to 4 against Mr. Starks, but the backers of that gentleman asked 200, and even 300 to 1 against him, We did not, however, hear of any bet being made at these odds, From the time that he had cleared off the large score against him, with which the game had commenced, Mr. Robert's play lost the certainty which had hitherto characterised it; and from that time to the conclusion of the game he made no more long scores. The advantage from this point was in favor of Mr. Starks, whose play seemed gradually to improve towards the end of the game, and who finally placed his success beyond doubt by marking 100 off the one brake, which raised his score to 995. Before he made the stroke which left him at this point, offers were made to take 50 to 1 or 100 to 2 about his finishing the game without laying down his cue, and we heard that a bet had been made at these odds. At this time Mr. Robert's score was 822, and in the next brake he raised to 835, and then pocketed his own ball which raised the score of his opponent to 998. Mr. Starks then gave a miss, leaving the balls in a baulk, and as Mr. Roberts missed his next stroke, the American player resumed his cue, with a score only of two to make a win. He made a cannon off the two red balls, and thus raised his score to 1,001 winning the game with one to spare.

The game terminated at 20 minutes after ten o'clock, having lasted 3 hours and 50 minutes, during which time there were two intervals of about a quarter of an hour each. The play of both the gentlemen was very fine, that of Mr Roberts being superior at the commencement, and that of Mr. Starks at the conclusion of the game.—A new match was made afterwards between the same parties, for £100 a side, 2,000 up; Mr. Roberts giving Mr. Starks 200. They are to play the American game. It is to come off on the 27th inst, at Mr. Robert's, the Griffin Inn, Lower Broughton, on the same table as the preceding match.—*Bell's Life August 14th.*

Swiss Rifle Shooting Society.

The members of the Swiss Rifle Society of London, held their fourth monthly meeting of the season on Monday last, at their usual place of rendezvous, Hornsee Wood house. The day was remarkably fine, and a considerable number of persons assembled on the grounds, evidently much interested in the proceedings. The firing, on the whole, was rather below the usual average, as may be inferred from the fact that out of two hundred shots, only forty-eight hit the bulls-eye, and only nine of these were *cartons*. There were but ten competitors for the prizes, which were awarded as follows: 1st prize, Mr. Piece—this gentleman's shooting was very good, he made sixty-six points, four of them being *cartons;* 2d prize, Mr. Badollet—sixty-six points, with one *carton;* 3d prize, Mr. Meillard—fifty-six points; 4th prize, Mr. Capt, fifty-four points: 5th prize, Mr. Huguenin, fifty-two points.

A sweepstakes, two shots each, was afterwards shot for by nine gentlemen, when Mr. Meilliard was successful, making nine points in his two shots, one of them a *carton;* Mr. Piece gained the second prize, and Mr. Badollet the third.

At half-past six o'clock, the contending parties, being joined by several English and Swiss friends, sat down to a capital dinner, furnished in Mr. Stone's usual excellent style. The members of the club who had gone last month as a deputation to the Grand Federal Rifle Match, held in Lucerne, in Switzerland, much enlivened the post prandial part of the evening by recounting all the wonders they had seen at that interesting meeting, and from which they had just returned.

Encounter with a Whale.

A boat's crew of five men, prosecuting the whale fishery at St. Mary's bay, after a long pursuit, harpooned a calf whale on the morning of Monday, the 11th ult. The St. Johns, (N. F.,) Courier says:

The monster, directly upon being wounded, rushed in every direction with the utmost velocity, giving the men a warning to be cautious and prompt; at one time the fish darted furiously onward, when, suddenly changing its direction, it returned as furiously toward the boat. The excited and hazardous manœuvres continued a considerable time, when the dam of the young whale, an immense whale, suddenly rose to the surface close to the boat, in an infuriated state, and elevating its tail to a considerable height, it struck the boat amidships, and cleft her in two. The men luckily escaped destruction, and were precipitated in all directions into the sea, where they succeeded in keeping themselves afloat by holding on by the oars and broken boat. For a considerable time they were thus exposed in this perilous situation, until some person came in a small boat to their assistance. Directly after they got into the small boat, nothing daunted by the recent hair-breadth escape, they renewed their chase, and finally succeeded in capturing their prize. Who will say they were not brave, manly fellows!

[For the New York Clipper.]

A Perilous Position.

Those who have never been exposed to the blasts at sea of that blustering railer, rude Boreas, can scarcely understand the perils that continually surround a sailor's life. We condense the following graphic incident from Sutherland's journal of Captain Perry's voyage to Wellington channel.

At midnight there was a perfect gale from the South-east. The ship had been snugged by little and little, until at length she was "hove to" under close reefed maintopsails. About eight o'clock orders were given to show the flying-jib—the foremost sail in the ship—and two of the men went out to perform this duty. As one of them was feeling his way out, for it was as dark as pitch, he planted his foot on the lee foot-rope, nnd was almost precipitated into the yawning abyss. He caught hold of a rope in his fall, and struggled tor a long time. It was very long, indeed, not to him, but to those who were watching his writhing form by the light of the boiling and phosphorescent waves beneath. No one spoke a word, for that might only diminish his chances of escape. There was no help for him if he failed to save himself. The man that was on the jib-boom with him moved neither hand nor foot, and uttered not a word. At length he regained his footing. Had he been a minute longer swinging among the footropes, he would have been swept off never to again be seen, for the bowsprit was actually buried in the sea, while the two men were clinging with clasped arms to the yielding spar, on the strength of which their lives were hung. When they came in, having discharged the duty entrusted to them, I endeavered to be near the one that had experienced such a narrow escape. As he stepped down upon the deck, he touched me by the merest accident. A trembling sensation passed through his whole frame, and a marked inspiratory effort carried gratitude to Heaven from his breast. Thus, after exposure to the perils and intense frost of an Arctic winter, this poor fellow had well nigh been lost on the very threshhold of home.

A Sucker in a Warm Bath.

Our friend Louis, of the "Italian Baths," St. Louis, has just about the nicest arrangements in the shape of a bath that an up-river man can desire, but still he hasn't, after all, got the "latest touch" in the way of his cocks, and that we found out recently at the St. Charles, New Orleans. We called in to see our old acquaintance, the Irish lady, who does the towels, &c., and who—more stretch to her girdle—resembles nothing fleshy in petticoats, except it be Falstaff, disguised as the "fat woman of Bentford," in the Merry Wives. We were shown into a bathing-room, and there we discovered that an entire new plan of letting in and letting off the water had been introduced. We saw a shining brass-plate with three polished handles, having a "crank" turn, and elegantly lettered beneath, "Hot," "Cold," "Waste."

"D'ye understand the cocks?" said Mrs. McTowell. "Oh, certainly," said we, for the credit of St. Louis and the Italian Baths. The fat mistress of the mysteries shut herself out. We went to work very confidently at the handles; heard a desperate guggling up through polished gratings in the bottom of the "tub;" prepared ourselves leisurely for the luxury, and---but we have another story to tell about the matter, and as that other is rather the richer of the two, we shall only say that, between "hot" and "cold," we never were so "cocked" in our life. Having managed to get a bath on the improved plan without exposing our ignorance, we left the place, and were met at the corner by a rough, but estimable friend from Illinois, one who has made a fortune among the "diggings," and who can afford to take a "splurge" every now and then---so he terms his occasional visits to the large cities.

"You hain't been taking a bath, hev ye?" said he.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"In them there brass handle concerns?"

"Yes," said we—"a great improvement—obviates the inconvenience of the noise and dash of the old plan." We hope that this public confession may prove some atonement, but we certainly did talk to our more ingenious friend with an unblushing face upon the occasion. He roared out laughing, and gave us his own experience of the matter.

"Old Mrs. Cornfed, there," said he, "asked me if I knew the cocks, and I told her yes, *in* course, cause I'd bathed a few, *I* reckon, though not with them kind o' fixins,---and I take and turns them all, and there was all kinds of splutter below; but when I was ready, there wasn't a mite of water in the blasted thing! It just nat'rally ran out as fast as it ran in, and then I know'd what '*waste*' meant. Well, I just fusses with it, first up and then down, and then one side, and then t'other, till I allowed I'd shut the derned thing up, cause the tub began to fill. Well, it kept fillin', till I reckoned that it was about right, and in I went, one leg—but, holy Egypt! out I came again, howling! The cussed, eternal 'cold' one hadn't worked, I s'pose, and I couldn't a cum out wuss from a seven boiler explosion. Old seven hundred weight knocked at the door; 'Perhaps yes don't understand the cocks?' says she. 'Cock thunder!' I sung out,---but I didn't want *her* in to laugh at me; and I wa'nt exactly fit to be seen by a lady either, if she *was* fat; so I said it was nothin', and tried again to get the hang of the consarned handles, but by this time the tub was quite full, and bilin', at that, and I kept turnin' and wagglin', till I rather guess I must a started the *cold* one, without stoppin' the *hot*, and, as it was brimmin' before, it jest now nat'rally overrun, and prehaps there was the derndest *rise* all over that carpet in about two minutes, that you ever did see.

"The cussed cocks *wouldn't* stop, none of 'em; and I was hoppin' about in the water, and had to sing out for old *fatty*, any how! I'd rather a gin a farm, by thunder, but out I sung, and half opened the door 'fore I recollected about my *costoome!* Back went old *fatty* against the centre-table, and broke a pitcher, and I hopped on to a chair, and into my skin; and then I broke for one of the opposite bathing-rooms, and locked myself in, and told the old woman I'd give her ten dollars, if she would swop up, hand me my shirt, and say nothing about it! I don't know whether she did or not, but I almost die a laffing, spite of my sore leg, whenever I think of it. I tell you what," added our sucker friend, "I don't mind *your* havin' a laff, but if you go to publishin', I'll shoot you, by gosh!"

We beg to assure our friend, that we consider ourselves shot!

A Resurrectionist.

"ONCE upon a time"—not a long time ago—a popular comedian, of whom nothing further need be said, that that he is fast losing his early pretensions to shape and beauty, and that his name is *Tom Placide*: once upon a time—and, if there be any curiosity as to season, we might as well say "during the fall"—this wag of a fellow was descending the Mississippi, in fine spirits, and a sporting coat. There were divers queer characters on board of the steamer, with whom Tom, while amusing himself with their peculiarities, was withal a great favorite, but none of them "*cotton'd*" to him more kindly than an elderly "hoosier," from the innermost depths of Indiana, and who was now visiting New Orleans for the first time. This russet-looking antique, whether it was from the comedian's sporting buttons, or his habit of concluding controversy with "I'll bet you," &c., fully made up his mind that Tom was a "*Gentleman sportsman*," and wherever he saw a "small game" going on, he was careful in noting the skill and quality of the players, the "size of their pile," &c., and bringing Tom the *items*. The "gentleman sportman" was very much obliged, of course, though he didn't exactly know what to make of it, when, one day, the confidential hoosier took him aside, told him that there was a "smart chance of a pile" on one of the tables, and that if he liked, he (the hoosier) would "go in with him—in *cahoot!*" Tom was very much amused at this, but told his proposing *partner* that he was mistaken that the fancy coat covered not a "sportsman," but a *player*.

"Swan to gracious!" exclaimed the old contriver, "one of them fellers that *tumbles!*—seen 'em, once, more'n half naked, cuttin' up, down to Madison!"

Tom didn't trouble himself much in explaining the difference between a theatrical *show* and a circus *show*, but told the story of the cards, &c. about the boat, rendering the old fellow quite an object of interest to the passengers. Next to the card-playing, the object of anxiety to the hoosier was a very large and singularly-shaped pine box, which lay in the "Social Hall," containing nothing more nor less than a *big fiddle*, and which was owned by a very reserved and gloomy-looking German, on his way south, professionally.

"*Plas*," said the hoosier—he was thrice familiar with Tom, after learning that he belonged to a *show*—"what on airth hev they got in that box; it's the onhumanist shape I ever see in all creation!"

"Hush," said Tom, mysteriously; don't you know?"

"No! I'm nighly dead a guessin'!"

"Bodies!" whispered the comedian, with a strong expression of loathing.

"*Bodies!*" echoed the startled inquirer; "not ra'al human bodies?"

"Bodies!" repeated Tom, at the same time applying his handkerchief to his nose; taking them down for dissection; belong to a doctor on board."

The hoosier turned away, opening his eyes and shutting his nose. At length, he inquired if they were "*Niggers*."

"White woman and two children," was the reply; "one on each side of her—accounts for the shape of the box."

At this moment the haggerd, unshaven voilinist approached, and the thoroughly "sawed" victim made way for him as if he had been the cholera incarnate!

"Goes about diggin' on 'em up, does he?" said he, between teeth, and a suppressed voice; "why, it'll breed poison!" and out he went on the "guard" to take a long breath.

Tom told this joke, also, among the passengers, who carried it on, highly amused; making wide circuits whenever they had to approach the box, using their handkerchiefs, and expressing much indignation at the captain for permitting that description of *freight* to be brought under the noses of the passengers. Some talked of leaving the boat, and others of lynching the doctor, till at length the captain, who had also been put up to the fun, approached the crowd, then gathered about the bar.

"Pshaw!" sniffled the captain, "it's very warm in here, gentlemen; phew!" and *he* pulled out his handkerchief. "Gentlemen, isn't there something unpleasent about here?"

"Pretends not to know what it is!" muttered the hoosier, aside.

"Barkeeper," continued the captain, "what the deuce is it—phew—so *queer* here?"

"Reckon you dont know!" exclaimed the hoosier, stepping forward, and almost quivering with indignation.

"Know! certainly not," said the captain.

"Wall, you've got that box TOO NEAR THE STOVE, *that's all!*"

A perfect scream of laughter rather stumped the old fellow; but a removal of "the lid of the coffin" was necessary before he could be convinced that the body, indeed, was only that of "Old Rosin the Bow." He paid "the liquors" willingly, "*cussin'* his old cat for not remembering that "Plas" was one of the "showfolk varmints!"

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?—"It appears to me," said a small apple-faced man the other day—"it appears to me that they make a great deal of fuss with this fellow Shakespeare! I'd just like to know what it's all about? Why, if it wasn't for his writings he never would have been heard of!"

CALCULATING LASS.—A young lady thinks of going to California to get married, for she has been told that in that country the men *rock the cradle*.

A Valuable Gift.

Once upon a time, at the gathering of "fine spirits" at Drayton Manor, Dr. Buckland, Sir William Follett, and Mr. George Stephenson, were among the guests assembled. Sir William having the leading professor of geology at the same table with the expounder of new notions on stratification, contrived to bring them into intellectual collision. Mr. Stephenson disputed the facts of the formation as alleged, and Dr. Buckland defended them; and the latter combatted the arguments of his opponent with such happy fluency and facile reference, that he crushed his adversary with as much apparent ease as one of the engineer's own locomotives would an obtruding rabbit, when the engine was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Mr. Stephenson felt that he was worsted not defeated; but being pleasantly and politely "chafed," the efforts he made to recover his position only served to aggravate the pain of his wounds. Although it was but a friendly controversy, he was considerably irritated, and slept but little that night. He was up early next morning, and sought to cool his temper in the spacious garden of Drayton Manor. He had not taken many turns on the silicia when Sir William Follett made his appearance. His first salutation was:

'George, you made a pretty fool of yourself last night.'

'I have a strong suspicion of that kind, myself, Sir William,' replied Mr Stephenson; 'but I am convinced I was right after all.'

'To be sure you were,' said Sir William; 'but you cannot talk. I never heard such a bungler. You were full of facts—wonderful facts—and Buckland had only sophistry and assertion to oppose to your facts. He beat you to a stand still because you had no rhetoric.'

'Sir William, I am no lawyer.'

'But I am. Come sit down in this alcove; and now before we are called to breakfast, repeat to me your whole theory.'

Mr. Stephenson did as Sir William wished. He went through the process of fire and water, the operations of electricity, the nature of forces, the position of strata.

'That will do,' said Sir William. 'Now, at dinner to-day, hold your tongue; leave Buckland to me.'

After dinner, Dr. Buckland, excited by the triumph of the preceding evening, soon introduced mineralogy. Sir William, in his gentle, quiet way, drew him into a controversy, closed upon him out-talked him, and prostrated the professor as effectually as the professor had overthrown the engineer the evening before. Sir William enjoyed the encounter; no one was displeased; and, as they rose to retire, Sir William whispered, 'George what do you think now?'

'Think!' replied Mr. Stephenson. 'I think there is nothing on earth, or in it like the gift of the gab.'

"WHO is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend Counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass." replied the counsellor. "Glass," reiterated the facetious judge; "I should often be intoxicated should I place such a glass to my lips."

You can't get along in the world with a homely wife. She'll spend half her time in looking in the glass, and turn, and twist, and brush, and fix till she gets completely vexed with her own ugliness, and she'll go right off and spank the baby.

A LADY compositor explained to her "fellow" the other day the difference between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said: "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

A MAN who had made a fortune by industry and close economy, in a retail business, at length retired from trade, and use to loan his money on interest. One day in midsummer, a friend happened to say to him:—"How pleasant it is to have such long, bright days!" "Why, y-e-s," replied he, "but these long days the interest comes in so slow!"

JOCKEYSHIP.—An auctioneer speaking to a horse-dealer about the situation of an estate he was to sell, in a level neighborhood, said, "The country is exceedingly beautiful, and I do so admire a *rich flat*." "So do I, sir," said the grinning jockey.

TROUBLES.—It is good that we have sometimes troubles and crosses, for they often make a man enter into himself, and consider that he is here in banishment, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly thing.—*Thomas a' Kempis.*

TRUE MERIT.—The noble mind may be clouded by adversity, but cannot be wholly concealed; for true merit shines by a light of its own, and glimmering through the rents and crannies of indigence, is perceived, respected, and honored by the generous and the great.—*Cervantes.*

NOT CROSS.—"Is that dog of yours a cross breed?" asked a gentleman of a canine vender. "No, zur," was his reply; "his mother was a gentle, affectionate cretur." The man left.

VERY TRUE.—It is stated that the heart of man weighs about nine ounces; that of a woman eight. As age increases a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after thirty. Some girls lose theirs altogether at sixteen.

TRITE AND TRUE.—"Oh what a sad reflection," as the looking-glass said to the drunkard.

A LONG CREDIT.—"I'll pay your bill on sight," as the blind man said to a doctor who had in vain attempted to cure him of his blindness.

CON.—When does a mastiff become a lap-dog?—When he is drooking.

Young Lake (a novice) of Bristol will fight any other novice of the same place, at 9st 4lb or 9st 5lb, for £10 or £15 a side, in six or eight weeks from the first deposit.

Jack Keefe will fight Cook of Bayswater, or George Lane of Birmingham, or any man in the world (bar noon) at 9st 4lb, for £25 or £50 a side.

☞ That must be a very foolish, rash woman who will put tubs out of doors to catch *soft* water when it is raining *hard*.

☞ Peter says it is folly to tell a man that he must not *enlarge* his debts, when the poor fellow is doing all he can to *contract* them.

A Good Story.

The Robber Outwitted.

Willlie Bailie was a household name about a hundred years ago, in the upper part of Clydesdale. Men, women, and children had heard of Willie, and the greater proportion had seen him. Few, in his time, could excel Willie in dexterity in his profession, which consisted of abstracting money from people's pockets, and in other predatory feats.—He frequented the fairs all around the district, and no man's purse was safe if Willie happened to be in the market. The beautiful village of Moffat, in Annandale, was one of his frequent places of resort when any of its fairs happened to be held, and here, amongst the honest farmers, he was invariably successful; and to show his professional skill on such occasions, he has been known to rob a man and return his purse to him two or three times in the same day; but this he did only with his intimate friends who were kind to him in providing lodgings, when plying his nominal occupation of tinker from one farm-house to another; in the case of others, it was, of course, different. His wife abetted him in all his thieving exploits, and generally sat in a place in the outskirts of the town that had been previously fixed on, and there received in silence whatever spoil her husband might throw incidentally into her lap in the shape of her fairing. But Willie was a privileged freebooter, was generous withal, and well liked by the people in the neighborhood, on whom he rarely committed any acts of plunder, and any one might have trusted what he called his "honor."

Willie's character was well known both to high and low, and he became renowned for a heroism which few who esteem respectability would not covet. The high estimation in which he was held as an adept in his profession, induced a Scottish nobleman to lay a high bet, with an Englishman of some rank, that Willie would actually rob and despoil a certain noted riever on the Southern side of the border, who was considered one of the most daring and dexterous that frequented the highways in those dubious times, and one whose exploits that gentleman was in the habit of extolling. The Scottish nobleman conferred with Willie, and informed him of the project—a circumstance which mightily pleased our hero, and into which he entered with all enthusiasm. The interest which Willie took in the matter was to the nobleman a guarantee of ultimate success; and, having given all the marks of the robber, and directed him to the particular place on the road where he was sure to meet with him, he left it to Willie himself to arrange the subsequent mode of procedure.

Willie's ingenuity was instantly at work, and he concocted a scheme which fairly carried him through the enterprize. He got an old, frail-looking pony, partially lame, and with long, shaggy hair. He filled a bag of considerable dimensions with a great quantity of old buttons, and useless pieces of jingling metal. He next dressed himself in beggarly habliments, with clouted shoes, tattered under-garments, a cloak mended in a hundred places, and a soiled, broad-brimmed bonnet on his head. The *money*-bag he tied firmly behind the saddle; he placed a pair of pistols under his coat, and a short dagger close by his side. Thus accoutred he wended his way slowly toward the border, both he and the animal apparently in the last stage of helplessness and decrepitude.—The bag behind was carefully covered by the cloak, that spread its *duddy* folds over the hinder parts of the poor beast that carried him. Sitting in a crouching posture on the saddle, with a long beard and an assumed palsified shaking of the hand, nobody would have conceived for a moment that Willie was a man in the prime of life, of a well built athletic frame, with more power in his arm than three ordinary men, and of an intrepid and adventurous spirit, that feared nothing, but dared everything. In this plight, our worthy went dodging over the border, and entered the neighboring kingdom, where every person that met him regarded him as a poor, dolted, half insane body, fit only to lie down at the side of a hedge, and die unheeded, beside the crazy steed. In this way, he escaped without suspicion, and advanced without an adventure to the skirts of the wood, where he expected to encounter his professional brother.

When Willie entered the road that led through the dark and suspicious forest, he was all on the alert for the highwayman. Every rustling ahe trees and bushes arrested his attetion, not knowing but a whizzing ball might in a moment issue therefrom, or that the redoubted freebooter himself might spring upon him like a tiger Neither of these, however, occurred; but a man on horseback was seen advancing slowly and cautiously on the road before him. This might be he, or it might not, but Willie now recollected every particular mark given of the man with whom he expected to encounter, and he was prepared for the most vigilant observation. As the horseman advanced, Wille was fully convinced that he had met with his man, and this was the critical moment, for here was the identical highwayman.

"How now, old fellow?" exclaimed the robber, "what seek you in these parts? Where are you bound for, with this magnificent equipage of yours?"

"Why, tell you the truth, I am o'en a puir honest man fre Scotland, gaen ? wee bit further South on buisness of some consequence, and I am glad to have met a gentleman like you, and I would fain put myself under your protection in this dreary wood, as I am a stranger, and wadna like ony mischance to befa', considering the errand I am on."

The robber eyed Willie with a sort of leer, thinking that he had fallen in with an old driveling fool, at whose expense he might amuse himself with impunity, and play a little on his simplicity.

"What makes you afraid of this wood?" said the robber.

Why I was told it was infested with highwaymen; and, to tell you the truth as I take you to be an honest man and a gentleman, I have somthing in this bag that I wadna like to lose, for twa reasons—baith because it is value, and because it was entrusted to *my* care."

"What have you got, pray, that you seem so anxious to preserve? I can't conceive that any thing of great value can be entrusted in your care. Why, I would not give a crown-piece nor the half of it, for the whole equipage."

"That's just the very thing. You see I am not what I appear to be. I have ta'en this dress and suld, slevenly pony, for the purpose of avoiding suspicion in these precarious places. I have behind me a bag full of gold—you may hear by the jingling of the peices when I strike here with my hand. Now, I am intrusted with all this treasure, to convey it to a certain nobleman's house in the South; and I say again, that I am glad that I have met you, to conduct me safely through the forest."

At this the robber was highly amused and could scarcely believe that a simplicity so extreme, and bordering on insanity, could exist; and yet there was an archness in the old man's look, and a willinness in his manner, that hardly comported with his external appearance. He said he had gold with him—he affirmed that he was not exactly what he appeared to be—not so poor as his tattered garments would indicate, and withal trustworthy, having so large a sum of money committed to his care. It might be, there was not a word of truth in his story; he might be some cunning adventurer from the border, plying a certain vocation on his own account, not altogether of a reputable cast; but, whatever the case might be, the silly old man was completly in his power, and, if he had gold in his possession, it must be seized on, and no time was to be lost.

"I tell you," said the highwayman, wheeling his horse suddenly round in front of Willie's pony, "I tell you, old man, that I am the same robber of whom you seem to be afraid, and I demand an instant surrender of your gold."

"Hoot, toot," exclaimed Willie, "gae wa, gae wa! You a robber! You are an honest man, and you only want to joke me."

"I tell you distinctly that I am the robber, and I hold you in my power."

"And I say distinctly," persisted Willie, "that you are a true man. That face of yours is no a robber's face, there's no a bit o' a robber about ye, and see ye maun e'en guard me through the wood, and gie me the word o'a leelhearted Englishman that ye'll not see ony ill come ower me."

"No humbug!" vociferated the highwayman, in real earnest; "dismount and deliver me that bag, immediately or I will make a riddle of your brainless skull in a trice."

Willie saw that it was in vain to parley, for the highwayman had his hand on the pommel of his pistol, and an unscrupulous act would lay him dead at his feet. Now was the time for the wary Scot to put his plan into execution. All things happened as he wished, and he hoped the rest would follow.

"Weel, weel," said Willie, "since it maun be, it maun be. I shall dismount and deliver you the treasure, for life is sweet—sweeter far than even gold to the miser." I wanted to act an honest part, but, as we say on the North side of the border 'Might makes right,' and sae, as I said, it e'en maun be."

Willie then, with some apparent difficulty, as an old stiff-limbed man, lifted himself from the pony, and stood staggering on the ground.

"Now," said he laying his hand heavily on the money-bag," I have one request or two to make, and all is yours. When I return to Scotland, I must have some marks about my person to show that I am realy robbed, and that I have not purloined the gold to my own purposes. I will place my bonnet here on the side of the road, and you will show a ball through it; and then, here is the old cloak—you must send another ball exactly though here, so that I can show, when I return, what a fray I have been in, and how narrowly I have escaped."

To this the robber consented, and having alighted from his steed, made two decided perforations in the way he was desired. This was with Willie's great point gained, for the robber's pistols were now empty, and restored to their own place.

"I have yet another request," said Willie, "and then the matter will be completed. You must permit me to cut the straps that tie the bag to the saddle, and to throw it over this hedge, and then go and